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The Sketch

No. 2163.—Vol. CLXVII. WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

THE SUBJECT OF CECIL BEATON'S FIRST "PERSONAL PORTRAIT": JOAN CRAWFORD.

In this issue we begin our striking series of " Personal Portraits of Film Stars," by Cecil Beaton, the photographer and artist with the observant eyes and the witty pen. MISS JOAN CRAWFORD (now to be seen in " Sadie McKee," at the Empire) is his first subject. He discusses the way she has concentrated on herself, and completely altered her appearance. He says she " wallows in make-up," and that " She likes it so much that she makes up for her pictures twice a day." This is, therefore, a characteristic portrait.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF FILM STARS.

By CECIL BEATON.

No. 1: JOAN CRAWFORD.

HATS off to Miss Lucille La Suer, for she has become Miss Joan Crawford, and the metamorphosis is a triumph for her and the Metro-Goldwyn studios. Mr. Edmund Goulding discovered this little hoofer, in a brassière, short trunks, and taps on her shoes; gave her good advice. Miss La Suer listened, and benefited by it. That they are not now the best of friends is no business of ours, but we do know that Miss La Suer has become one of the most astonishing leading ladies of the films.

Four years ago, in Hollywood, while I was waiting to photograph Buster Keaton, the publicity man said: "They have had to run through the bed-room sequence again; Buster won't be able to get away for another fifteen minutes. How would you like, while waiting, to take some shots of Jo-anne Crawford?—they are very pleased with her. She has done good work lately, and they have given her a rise in salary." So in came Miss Crawford, in a bad make-up, with red paint around the eyes and black lips, and we were like two acids that do not mix. She had little confidence in me as a photographer and I no patience with her, and after four pictures we "called it a day." We did not meet again for a year, but an improvement had set in, and again I took some pictures, and found Miss Crawford less stubborn, her hair flattened, and her clothes simpler (though she enjoyed to pose with the mannequin hand on hip and sullen stare in the opposite direction); and to-day she has become one of the most exotic pieces of affectation on the screen, and I, personally, find it extremely enjoyable to watch her exaggerated, Fratellini-clown make-up of white face, goggle eye, and the enormous persimmon lips (for which I am partly responsible).

No star has concentrated on herself so much or worked harder than she. By looking, looking, looking into the mirror, pulling every sort of face, by staring, staring, staring, she has completely altered her appearance. She has starved herself ill so as to be hipless, and, to acquire an oval face and predominant cheek-bones, she has exaggerated her features. Her lips curl and her classic nose gives a static sniff, as though the cream cheese had slightly turned. She has dyed her hair this colour and that, fuzzed it, curled it, and dressed it in so many different ways, and she makes up to this extraordinary extent because she wallows in make-up. She likes it so much that she makes up for her pictures twice a day. As soon as the siren goes for the lunch interval she rushes back to her dressing-room, but the sandwich and the ice-cream remain untouched, for she prefers to take off her "morning" face and to build it up again for the afternoon; and she explains, as she stares with that look of horror mixed with contempt, in the mirror, that the camera-man likes this, for it makes her face more mobile; but, though I do not say it slightingly, it is impossible to see any expression behind this mask other than surprise, mixed with horror and distaste.

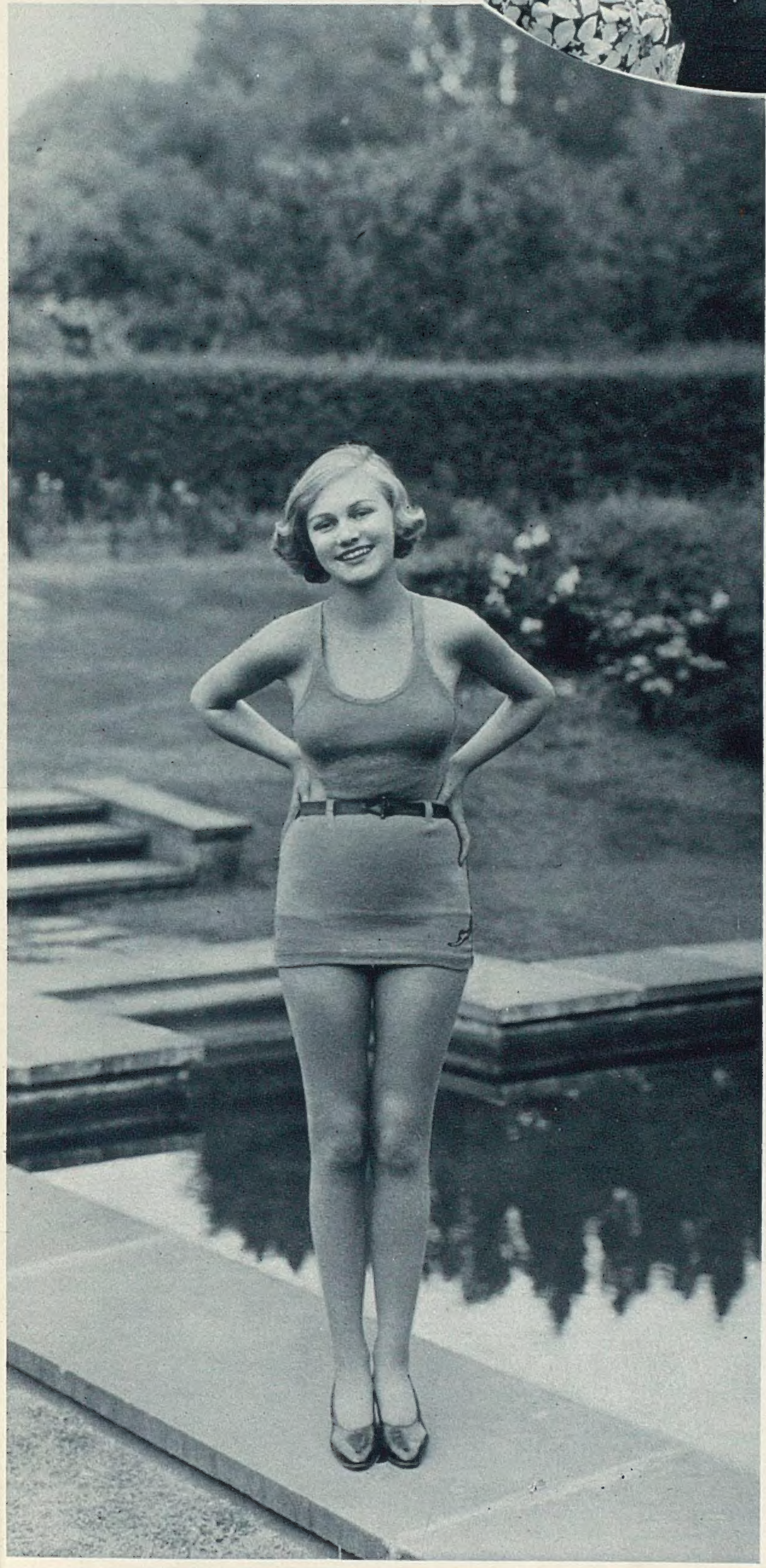
She is always trying out new make-ups. Her lashes are not spiked or beaded; they are caked, impenetrable fences of mascara around her eyes. For a time she will ignore powder, as she likes the sheen to show the shape of her chiselled nose, and from time to time she will get a school-girl crush on some other film star, and gloat and dote over every detail of this particular fancy. She will be their most enthusiastic film fan, collecting photographs and emulating them in voice, mien, and appearance to such an extent that you are never quite sure who Miss Crawford will ultimately turn up as. Two years ago she was insatiably interested in Dietrich. The Fairbanks, Jnr., house was littered with Marlene's photographs and gramophone records. Then my sadly missed Miss Lilyan Tashman appeared on the scene, in vast photograph-frames, and then Miss Crawford became obsessed with the "great," "lady-like" qualities of Elissa Landi. She would go so far as to read this young woman's novels in her dressing-room while waiting to be "shot." Crawford, too, saw herself as a countess in her own right. But, of all her idols, Garbo will remain her chief, and you have only to compare the photographs of Crawford before she had ever seen Garbo (and they have worked together all this time in the same company's studio, without ever having met) with the recent ones, to see how closely she has moulded herself on the supreme star. And not only in appearance are they superficially alike; Crawford, quite suddenly, under the Garbo influence, retreated from Hollywood's social life to prove that she, too, could be impregnable; she, too, would "get away from it all"; she, too, could enjoy nature and sunbaths, and put on an old mackintosh and go for a walk. But this play-acting was a little palpable, and, whereas Garbo is the least affected person, and finds her solitude a necessary antidote to the life in the studios, and hikes for hours in the mountains of Brentwood Heights, Crawford, in béret, old mackintosh, and goggle glasses, would make straight down the Hollywood Boulevard, where she would be the cynosure of all eyes and lucky if not mobbed by the nit-witted population of Los Angeles. When Crawford retreats to the desert, her bungalow is situated close enough for others to observe her solemnly doing her salutations and obeisances to the sun.

This Cecil Beaton photographic study of MISS JOAN CRAWFORD, chosen to illustrate his brilliant pen study of her, was taken four years ago. It shows her in a less sophisticated mood than the photograph of her at the make-up table which appears on our front page. Miss Crawford was born in Texas, and commenced her professional career as a dancer in cabaret and on the stage. "Rose Marie" was one of her first pictures, and "Sadie McKee" is her latest. Her huge eyes are hazel and her hair is auburn. She is five feet, four inches in height.

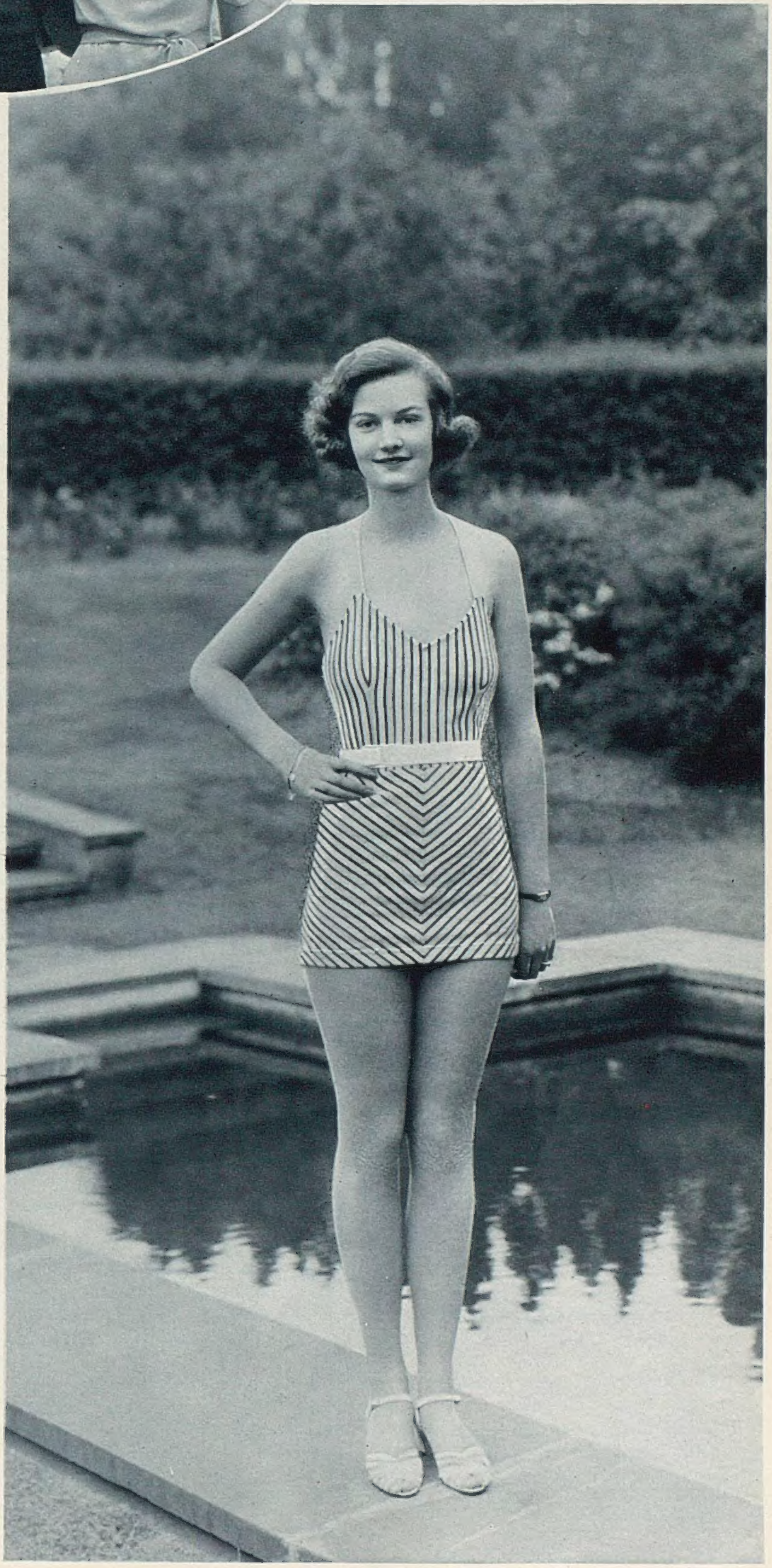
In spite of the Beltran Massés portrait, the tragic look, the leopard skin (can it be she is the reincarnation of Elinor Glyn?), the gardenias, and the hiplessness, Miss Crawford is really a very ordinary girl with an inferiority complex. "From madcap to sophisticate," the movie magazines write about her, and, sure enough, no one has put in more time on themselves than Crawford. She takes continuous dancing-lessons, tries hard to learn languages, and she has even acquired a certain *flair* for answering back in the Noel Coward slang. Crawford's life is a first-class charade, and, with gardenias round the neck and a first-rate band playing "Everything I Have Is Yours," she is convincing as the glamorous heroine, as she is, also, even off the screen, where, since her success, she has improved in looks, and her disposition has also become sweeter. She is often disarmingly frank.

A BRIDE WITH HER MOTHER AND SISTER: MISS "POOH" PAGET.

MRS. J. B. PAGET, the wife of Major J. B. Paget, is here posed in the garden of their lovely Roehampton home, Ibstock Place, with her daughters. MISS ANNE PAGET (left) was chosen to be one of the eleven bridesmaids at the marriage of her sister, MISS WINIFRED ("POOH") PAGET, to Mr. Guy Carleton, only son of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Carleton, fixed for July 10 at the Brompton Oratory. Major and Mrs. Paget entertain a great deal at Ibstock Place, where there is a fine swimming-pool: and their elder daughter, a bride of the week, is one of the most popular girls in society.



MISS ANNE PAGET is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. J. B. Paget.



The marriage of MISS WINIFRED ("POOH") PAGET to Mr. Guy Carleton was fixed for yesterday (July 10).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

HARDSHIPS OF CRICKET.

THERE are "carpers and critics" even of a great institution like cricket; for example, it is said by certain captious persons to be a *slow* game. A French visitor to these shores has observed in a querulous manner that cricket is a concrete example of an Englishman's conception of eternity. For myself, I think this rather a compliment; for I was brought up in a stern school which held that there were worse ways of spending eternity than on a green field, in a cool costume, in a temperature seldom tropical.

HER LADYSHIP: *"It's all right, Jenkins. It's too deep for us to cross."*

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

Another visitor from abroad, Mr. Stephen Leacock, complained that whenever he woke up with a start to see how the game was getting on, he found that the players had left the field for luncheon, tea, dinner, or breakfast. According to Mr. Leacock, cricket consists of a series of meals, with a few irregular intervals for play. Even these intervals, it must be admitted, show a certain leisured dignity which places a strain on impatient natures. There are some who grow peevish when a fast bowler walks and runs about three hundred yards in order to deliver six balls which the batsman ignores as they go flying by into the wicket-keeper's hands; others grow restive when the whole field has to be changed round at the end of each over, or to suit the eccentricity of left-handed batsmen.

These critics seem to resent the batsmen having little conferences with each other, or the captain having private discussions with the bowler, or the sight-screen being moved, or the game being suspended until a stout gentleman in the pavilion ceases moving behind the bowler's arm, or paralysis descending upon the game while somebody gets another bat or changes his boots or signals for a drink. None of these crimes, however, is as serious, in the eyes of a very common kind of critic, as the fact that many batsmen obstinately refuse to hit every ball over the fence for six. "Jessop, thou shouldst be playing at this hour!" they chant. "England hath need of thee!"—for apparently Jessop never hit a ball for less than six. It is a curious thing that these same critics, having laid it down that there are no batsmen nowadays like the giants of old, go on to explain that on modern wickets the bat has gained such a complete mastery over the ball that the bowlers never get a chance. What is *your* opinion about that, Mr. Verity?

All these complaints about mere pace are another sign of the restlessness of the age. The spirit of cricket is in accord with all the most recent researches—it exemplifies the relativity of time. To me, there are far more serious objections than this alleged leisureliness. There is the fact, for instance, that you have to sit for a long time in a cramped space on a very hard seat. A sixpenny cushion, it is true, alleviates this hardship, but even a sixpenny cushion can become strangely inadequate in scope and consistency after a few hours. Again, there is nowhere to put your feet except in the small of other people's backs, and nowhere at all to put your knees when bulky persons come crashing by (as they always do) just after you have got nicely settled.

You have to fight like a wild cat for your luncheon, unless you are content to chew a piece of chocolate, or, wiser still, to observe a fast. You can't really see what the ball is doing—it is only sporting journalists, gifted with second sight or powerful imaginations, who can do that. If the truth must be told, the spectator at a cricket match on a large ground is, half the time, merely guessing at what is really happening. That, of course, does not and should not prevent him from challenging the umpire's decisions and differing from the captain's captaincy and the batsman's batsmanship; for that is what the spectator is there for.

The greatest trial of all is the expert writers on cricket. You may say that one need not read them, but, through some kind of morbid fascination, one does. The other day—a day memorable in cricket—I came out of Lord's after England had won by an innings and 38 runs, in three days, and after Verity had taken fifteen wickets in a few hours. The first thing I saw outside the ground was a newspaper poster announcing "A Stale-Mate Test Match." Next to it was another poster with the legend: "England's Bad Length Bowling." I remembered, also, having been assured for days past by the pundits that Australia knew all about spin bowling, but could not play fast bowling. One does not blame prophets for being wrong: one blames them for prophesying. However, I intend to go on reading the cricket experts, in the faint hope that I shall some day come across one of them who can refer to a bowler without calling him "great-hearted" or "lion-hearted." When that original genius arises in cricketing journalism, I hope *The Sketch* will Take Off its Hat to him.

What with one thing and another, there seem to be a good many reasons for *not* seeing Test Matches; and yet there are some of us who (weather permitting) can sit watching them all day in perfect contentment—nay, with perfect delight. Of course, we are quite mad. We are just mad Englishmen who are quite unable to account for our eccentric conduct. And, without attempting to defend ourselves, we shall persist in our singular behaviour. I dare say the greatest part of the attraction is what those sporting journalists have called, with unfailing regularity, "the glorious uncertainty of the game." It may be that we positively *like* that stately, unhurried atmosphere of the game, and find it rather a relief after more frenzied spectacles. But I do not think there is any real explanation except a curious kink in our natures—a kink which, in our oddity, we will preserve and even foster, until we reach that mellow stage when we can say, "Ah, cricket is not what it used to be! There are no Bradmans and Hammonds and Veritys nowadays!" There never will be, and there never were.

DESIGN FOR LORD'S: A WELL-MATCHED FABRIC.

Exciting times at Lord's this week for the fair partisans of the gallant Oxford and Cambridge cricket teams. Mr. Chalk, the Oxford captain, chose his Blues for the team some little time ago—a rather unusual procedure. The Cambridge team was only definitely completed over the week-end.

CARICATURES BY MAC.

LONDON ASIDES.

By
PAMELA MURRAY.

MR. WALTER DUNKELS escorted MRS. PERCY LAWSON-JOHNSTON, her sister, MISS GENEVIEVE KENNY, of New York, and the HON. MRS. McALPINE to Wimbledon.

These Shropshire "girls" waiting for their cue at the Shropshire Historical Pageant are MISS HERSEY and MISS CATHERINE BALFOUR, daughters of Mr. Balfour and nieces of Dame Edith Lyttelton. Miss Hersey was Philip Sydney, as a boy, and her sister represented the then Fulke Greville.

These hatless spectators on the way to the refreshments-stall at Wimbledon are MISS JOAN BUCKMASTER, daughter of "Buck" and Lady (Neville) Pearson (otherwise Miss Gladys Cooper), and MRS. QUINTIN GILBEY. The latter wore a most becoming turquoise-blue dress.

BARONESS RAVENSDALE wore this effective tiara of wire when she presented the lucky prizes at the British Fascists' Cabaret Ball. Sir Oswald Mosley, the British Fascist leader, is her brother-in-law.

DURING Wimbledon fortnight, fashionable London's timetable is adjusted, and those who usually eat their first meal of the day at one-fifty, when the last luncheon-guest has finished explaining how she was held up in Knightsbridge or Bond Street—by robot lights, not alluring highwaymen, or even club-bores—arrive at the stadium, fully fed and clutching their soft seats, at ten-past-two. Lady Irene Clark, who 's as handsome as many of her generation are pretty, found a dislodgeable in her place. Lady Prescott, whose dress sense is unimpaired by two months in a nursing home, tried every day and in every way to watch two matches simultaneously. She deserved a statuette in the best possible taste to be erected by private subscription between Court 1 and the Centre Court.

Mr. Stonor, wearing an official's button, which, like Alf's Button, leads to lots of things, led Lea Seidl round the side-shows. More indifferent tennis was seen on the outside courts than ever in Wimbledon's glorious story. Provincial and colonial clubs are full of talent, but it 's difficult to stop old stagers from competing to the exclusion of new limbs and faces. Once at Wimbledon, always at Wimbledon, is the comfortable slogan. We don't mean to suggest that many of the established players are uninteresting to watch—quite the contrary—but some must retire gracefully before being shown the bus-route home.

Owen Nares carried things for his wife, who never lost him in the crowd. Teddy Underdown and Peter Graves exchanged compliments. Teddy was trying to find a true friend to introduce him to Mrs. Eileen Bennett Fearnley Whittingstall, but met no luck. Peter was bemoaning the smashed wrist which kept him out of Wimbledon this year. Pam Crossley walked about with Barbara Hussey, who paints still life, so cannot have found subjects—unless the linesmen appealed to her æsthetic eye—and "Romie" Gilbey, with Joan Buckmaster, whose brother John escorted his mother, Gladys Cooper. She hopes to repeat her New York success opposite Raymond Massey in England, and August. Mrs. Percy Lawson-Johnston with Mr. Walter Dunkels; Miss Sarah Churchill, her pale, triangular face and blaze of red hair giving her that coveted Undine appearance; Miss Sheilah Annesley going over wedding plans with her sister, Mrs. Nigel Norman; Mrs. Cartwright in a line with the umpire; Arthur Montgomery in a row with the Whitelaw sisters; Mrs. Violet Breasted looking like a willow-pattern plate; the Cunningham-Reids together; and Thelma Cazalet, M.P., not talking politics with her male companion, were at the other end of our field-glasses or drinking lemonade out of paper containers with Bank Holiday abandon.

Like the Empire Studio at the B.B.C., where the sun never sets on talk and counter-talk, there 's no end to the chain of pageants When Lord Berwick wrote to a big costumiers for red shoes suited to a mediæval bishop, he received the reply that: "All our clerical footwear has gone to Yarmouth for the pageant." Now, Shropshire was so engrossed in its own history, re-enacted twice daily at Ludlow Castle, that it ignored the existence of a pageant at Yarmouth. Bloaters, yes. Bowmen of Olde Anglia, no.

That country girls compare favourably with those from London and the Five Towns (Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, and Cardiff, not as stated in A.B.-see) was evident at Ludlow. Frolicking between episodes we found Mr. "Fordie" Flower, last seen froth-blowing in Switzerland, rehearsing with his son, Philip Sydney, played by Miss Hersey Balfour—a beaut indeed. Her sister Catherine and the Misses Barbara Dale and Betty Dugdale also caught the eye. Mrs. Price-Davies was attended by two Maids of Honour, like a queen, though the only genuine queen proved to be Lady Berwick, elegant as Eleanor, wife of Edward I., called "Longshanks" in the home circle. Mrs. Pritchard-Gordon, in spite of a slipped cartilage, was unbeaten at the pavane. Unfortunately, her ankles were obscured by a crinoline. Some of the costumes were more colourful than correct, except the early Britons, whom no one can correct, from lack of data and motive. Lady Leighton, as the elfin bride of the prehistoric hero, committed the anachronism of riding side-saddle; but those who thought that Lady Godiva, dressed from neck to instep in velvet, was another howler were howled down. She represented another Lady Godiva.

The gentle ruins and great green trees make lost lines fall in pleasant places. It wasn't possible to hear each player, though some boomed adequately and others sang with a natural sweetness accounted for by the proximity of Wales. Lady Bridgeman and her daughters were

admirable, it was agreed, and the absence of Shropshire's prettiest peeresses, Lady Acton and Lady Forrester (*née* Perrott), was due to the happiest of reasons. In the audience were many country folk, not necessarily simple, but commenting with a gusto foreign to the home counties, and speaking a strange and musical tongue as different from the tasteless tones of Oxford Street as home-made cheese from tailor's chalk. After many episodes by John Drinkwater, Milton's "Comus" came on. As the players entered behind trees which speedily grew into a wood, we were under the impression that "Macbeth" had been substituted. No such luck! The masque, though not in its entirety, lingered in Arcady. While critics deplored the cuts, we made off to the town, which is built on a hill, like the city in the Scriptures, and has much to recommend it, including outsize scones and buxom waitresses.

The aftermath of pageantry is farce. Exhausted players, still dressed as thirteenth-century ladies, in hats of a height only suited to marble halls, clamber into baby cars, their headgear taking advantage of sunshine roofs to protrude bobbishly, while bow-legged braves in Tudor tights forget to flood the carburetter and get out from behind steering-wheels with many an oath, nicely rounded. Lady Ripley was among those who drove home in costume. So was Miss Prudence Cohen, whose family bought one of the finest Elizabethan houses in the land, unique because of rosy sandstone. So did Lady Berwick, after laying her crown on the back seat. Her home is a George III. jewel, a tonic of exquisite formality after the looseness, the happy-go-lucky-hit-or-miss-the-century (L.B.W. and A.D.) of history seen through the eyes of pageant masters and mistresses this summer.

Our snapshot was taken at Summerfield House, Elstree, the home of Lord and Lady Louth. The HON. MRS. EDMUND BEVAN sits out in a chair to watch lawn tennis, while the young people "slump" on the turf. They are MR. BRIAN BEVAN, his sister, DENISE, SIR JOHN PRICHARD JONES (son of the hostess by her first marriage), almost hidden by SEÑORITA BEATRICE AGUILAR, from the Argentine. The other pair are débutantes, MISSES EILEEN WATSON and CHERRY PINCKARD.

ACTION PICTURES. Two great surgeons, whom we mustn't name, lest they be reprimanded for advertising by the Medical Council, rejoicing at "Men in White."

Basil Kennedy, looking after his dogs as usual, but dressed as the Spanish Ambassador at the Court of James I. because of the Albert Hall. What do the dogs think?

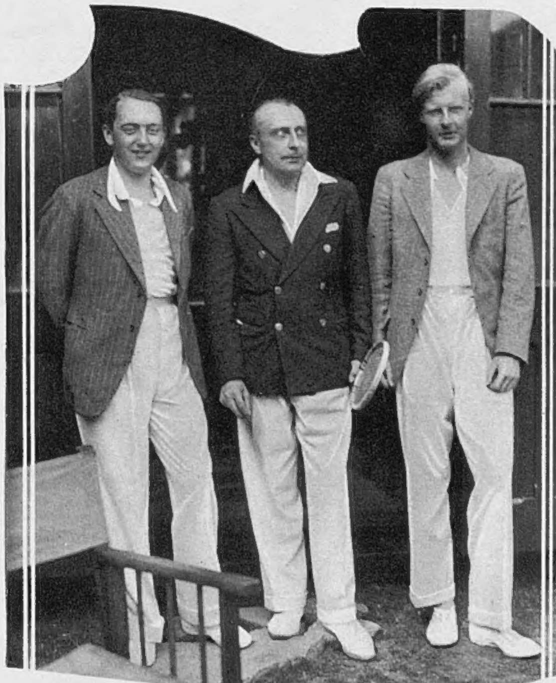
Malise Stewart, ex-Blues, not Blue, giving Eileen Karri-Davies lunch at a caterer's in Berkeley Square.

Excited chatter among girl friends about the engagement of Miss Lascelles to Mr. H. M. Wright. We always thought she 'd marry a Gunner, but when the announcement was made, didn't connect "Sybil Mary" with "Billie," as she 's universally called. Congratulations.

Rohays Burnett of Leys, the epitome of red-gold and alabaster prettiness, hurrying to a girls' lunch.

Hurrying to secure supper-tables after the theatre was the usual big Savoy crowd when we took a general view. The blond David Tennant danced. So did Mrs. Pat Anderson, who looks no older or less lovely than when she was Gladys Abdy, according to our escort. She and husband were in a crowd with the Gray Hortons. Major Quilter seldom missed his step. Mrs. Gray Bailey and her husband made a nice-looking brace. Sir Duncan Swann talked to the woman whom we can confidently assert was the best company in the room. For the Comtesse de Salverte (she has reverted to her maiden name, as she was *née* Mlle. Jeanne de Salverte) is a great figure, as assured and entertaining to-day as when our parents admired her style in that gay Edwardian Paris which makes such good reading. Unlike most of her contemporaries, the Comtesse cannot be labelled *avant guerre* by the shoddy new world. She has moved with the times. Her golf is good. You often read "so-and-so wearing her famous pearls." Well, Mme. de Salverte was wearing hers that night, and they are really famous pearls.

SIR HENRY MULLENEUX-GRAYSON found something very interesting to say to MRS. CRAIG, whose printed dress had a white organdie collar.



MR. TONY TATE, MR. IAN WINTERBOTTOM, and BARON MAROCHETTI were three of Lord and Lady Louth's lawn tennis playing guests the other afternoon.

MRS. GRAY HORTON and MRS. EVERARD GATES were snapped together in London. Mrs. Horton was one of the attractive Le Bas girls. Her sister Molly is Mrs. Brocas Burrows, who is well known as a sculptor and has exhibited at the Royal Academy. Mrs. Everard Gates was Mrs. Stella Wells.

WEEK-END. Twenty minutes from London, yet surrounded by fields, is the Elstree home of Lord and Lady Louth when they aren't in Ireland. No studios are in sight, but the host makes moving pictures with as much industry, and more intelligence, than most directors. When not making movies he 's taking stethoscope stills. At week-ends, with lots of guests.

STEPPING OUT
THE SMART MARRIEDS

H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE dined with Countess Paul Munster and went with her party to the Dockland Settlements and Highway Clubs of Stepney Ball at the Dorchester. He is here in the ball-room with LADY ALEXANDRA METCALFE (left) and her elder sister, BARONESS RAVENSDALE, who was one of the organisers. All the smart "young-marrieds" attended the dance, and outnumbered the débutantes.

The COUNTESS OF DALKEITH was photographed at supper with LORD CHARLES CAVENDISH.

COUNTESS PAUL MUNSTER (left) is here chatting to the EARL and COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND, who dined with her before the ball.

(Right) LORD and LADY STAVORDALE engaged each other in earnest conversation at supper-time. Lady Stavordale is a sister of Countess Munster, one of the organisers.

(Right, centre) This supper-party consists of COMMANDER EDMONDSTONE, LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH, and SIR HUGH SEELY, BT.

FOR STEPNEY:
OUTNUMBER THE DÉBUTANTES.

The HON. MRS. WILLIAM GARTHWAITE, *daughter of Lord Duveen,* MR. WILLIAM GARTHWAITE, *and* MR. JIMMY RUTLAND *are seen from left to right in this group.*

(Right) MRS. JAMES CORRIGAN *(left) sat next to* COUNT PAUL MUNSTER *at supper.*

MR. COLIN BUIST *is dancing with* MRS. HORNBY, *twin sister of Lady Stavordale.*

LADY CATHERINE WILLOUGHBY, *daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ancaster, and* MR. ROBERTSON *had supper together.*

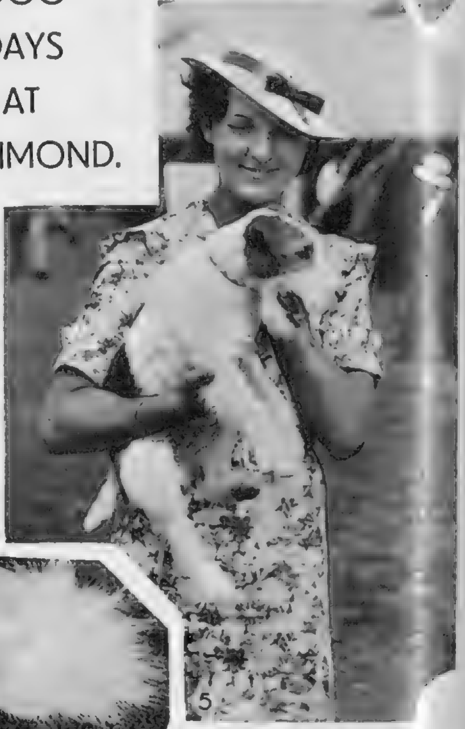
LORD HERBERT, *son of the Earl of Pembroke, is enjoying a joke across the table with* MISS SUSAN CORBETT.

(Right) The HON. MRS. CHARLES WINN *is seated next to the* HON. DAVID HERBERT.

DOG DAYS AT RICHMOND.

1. The RICHMOND DOG SHOW was one of the largest and most successful ever held. The entry was well in advance of last year, and every imaginable breed was represented. Here MRS. A. BHANUBANDH is posed with her Afghan hound, Chota Sahib.

2. MRS. MICHAEL SADLEIR showed her famous bloodhounds, some of which, it will be remembered, were used to track the "gunman" down over the Sussex Downs some weeks ago. Two are here posing for their portrait.



3. LADY GARDNER with her Irish wolfhound, Knightellington's Mistress Margot.

4. MISS IRENE PERRY is posed with Mrs. D. L. Perry's lovely Samoyed, Magnus of Kobe.

5. MISS J. SHAW posed with Heinz, her wire-haired terrier.

6. MISS G. A. E. WUIDART and her two Great Danes, Alambra of Beal, and Donella of Beal.

7. MRS. E. A. SPENCER-EDWARD with a litter of six-weeks'-old bulldog puppies. She got a Challenge Certificate Award for her Bunjie.

THE MAGICIAN WITH THE GOLF BALL: HENRY COTTON.

HENRY COTTON, the British professional at the Waterloo Club, Belgium, is the first Englishman to win the Open Golf Championship since Arthur Havers' victory at Troon eleven years ago. The golf which Cotton produced was perhaps the finest exhibition ever seen of how the game should be played. His qualifying round of 66 over the formidable Royal St. George's course at Sandwich was impressive; it was followed by a good 67 and then by his amazing 65. His last two rounds were a 72 and a 79, making a total score of 283—five strokes ahead of the runner-up, S. F. Brews, from Durban, South Africa. This equals the record set up by Gene Sarazen two years ago. It is particularly remarkable as Cotton was feeling ill when he played the fourth round.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

ALREADY serious mortality to fish life has occurred owing to the effect of the drought. Pollutions, which are comparatively harmless when rivers are carrying a normal volume of water, quickly assume dangerous proportions when there is insufficient flow. In addition, there is another serious source of pollution, aggravated by drought conditions, which will certainly have a devastating effect on fish this summer. Drains are not flushed out, and disinfectants are used more liberally, with the result that the first heavy rain-storm sweeps all this accumulated poison into the rivers. This may have been the cause of the death of about 10,000 fish in the River Froom early in June, and of a similar disaster on the River Weaver, Cheshire, about the same time. An instance of pollution intensified by the drought was, in all probability, the cause of the recent heavy mortality among fish in the Lower Avon, in the Trowbridge district. The drying up of small streams, ponds, and reservoirs is also taking heavy toll of fish life. I could enlarge still further on the sad effects of drought on fish life, but this is enough to show that our freshwater fisheries are in for a very bad time during the next few months.

The Tuna-less Tuna Club. For the second year in the history of the famous Tuna Club of Catalina Island, no tuna have been recorded. It is, in fact, the seventh year since a tuna of over 100 lb. has been taken by the members. Whether the Club will be able to continue as the Tuna Club when there are no tuna to be caught seems to be rather a pertinent question. How embarrassing it must be for the members when ignorant strangers ask how many tuna they have caught, and they are obliged to confess that they spend their time catching marlin, swordfish, and white sea-bass! Even the marlin were not so plentiful last year, as only thirty-one were caught, of which a dozen exceeded 200 lb. Three broadbill swordfish were taken, but, had it not been for the unexpected return of vast numbers of white sea-bass, the season would have been a pretty miserable one.

One bright spot in 1933 was the capture on light tackle of a 348-lb. marlin swordfish by Mr. R. C. Manowski. This beats by 5 lb. the light-tackle record held for many years by Mr. J. W. Jump. The "light-tackle" specification is for the rod not to be less than six feet over all; butt not to exceed 14 in.; tip not less than 5 ft. or more than six ounces in weight; line not to exceed nine thread nor 26 lb. dry breaking-strain. Another record was broken by Mr. Sam Bagby, who bagged a big black sea-bass of 306 lb. on light tackle. This species is, I think, a kind of jew-fish, or grouper, and cannot be classed as a game fish. When hooked, it puts up a great tug-of-war, which often ends in its favour.

Mr. Michael Hordern, of Jordan, Poundsgate, is shown with a morning's catch on dry fly from the East Dart. In the afternoon of the same day, June 30, Mr. Hordern had six more trout, making THE TOTAL BAG TWENTY-ONE TROUT, weighing 8 lb. 3 oz. The largest fish was just under 1 lb., and the catch is an exceptional one for this river.

The B.S.A.S. and the S.A.S.A.A. A pleasing and friendly exchange of compliments has been instituted between members of the British Sea Anglers' Society and the South African Sea Anglers' Association. Each body presents a certificate to the members of the overseas club landing the best edible fish during the year. In 1933, Mr. W. K. Summers, of the B.S.A.S., received the South African certificate, for a mullet of 4 lb. 9 oz. The B.S.A.S. certificate was awarded to Mr. D. C. Odendaal, of the East London Angling Association, South Africa, for a kabeljou weighing 135 lb. It may interest some readers to hear that South Africa can now boast a twenty-four page illustrated monthly journal devoted entirely to angling. It is called the *Backwash*, and is a very live publication.

Here is the BIG SKATE, weighing 110 lb., which gave Lieut.-Colonel J. A. L. Caunter a four hours' fight as described in last week's "Sketch." The black dot near the tail shows where the skate was foul-hooked. The 3rd Battalion of the Royal Tank Corps all had a good "tea" off it, and Colonel Caunter states that apparently they liked it, although he expected they would find it too tough. The snapshot was taken at the battalion cook-house just before the fish was cut up for cooking.

Largest Fresh-Water Fishes.

"What is the largest fish?" This is the question most frequently asked at the American Museum of Natural History, according to Professor E. W. Gudger, Bibliographer and Associate in Ichthyology at the Museum. His answer is: "Either the whale-shark (*Rhineodon typus*), or the basking-shark (*Cetorhinus maximus*) —probably the former." Then follows the further question: "What is the largest fresh-water fish?" I imagine that Professor Gudger became a little weary answering these questions, for he has written a paper on the subject, which he can hand to his questioners in future. In this paper he explains that the four great fresh-water fishes are the alligator-gar (*Lepidostus spatula*) of the Mississippi River basin; the pirarucu, the *Arapaima gigas* of the Amazon and Orinoco basins; the giant catfish (*Silurus glanis*) of the Danube; and the giant sturgeon (*Acipenser huso*) of the Black and Caspian Seas, and of the rivers that flow into them. Of these, the sturgeon heads the list, and, ignoring all doubtful records, Professor Gudger gives the place of honour to a monster Beluga sturgeon of 14 ft. 2 in. in length and weighing 2250 lb., taken in the Volga River in 1912. He gives an excellent picture of this huge fish. The largest authentic record for America is a Columbia sturgeon taken near Vancouver, also in 1912. Its length was 12 ft. 6 in., weight 1285 lb. I believe the largest sturgeon ever brought to London was one of 1000 lb. taken in the North Sea about twelve years ago.

This Red Sea fish, a BAYAD of 43 lb., was caught by Dr. Bloss and Captain H. W. Seton-Karr.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, fishing his water at Derryclare, Connemara, had eleven salmon, averaging 8 lb., during the week ending June 30.

Mr. Tom Stone, of Liverpool, killed thirty-one salmon and grilse in three weeks' fishing on the River Erne, Ballyshannon. Twenty-one of the fish were all taken on one small grilse-fly.

The British Tunny Club's Handbook for 1934 has just been issued. It is stated therein that eighty tunny were caught by members last season, but only twenty certificates were awarded. R. L. MARSTON.

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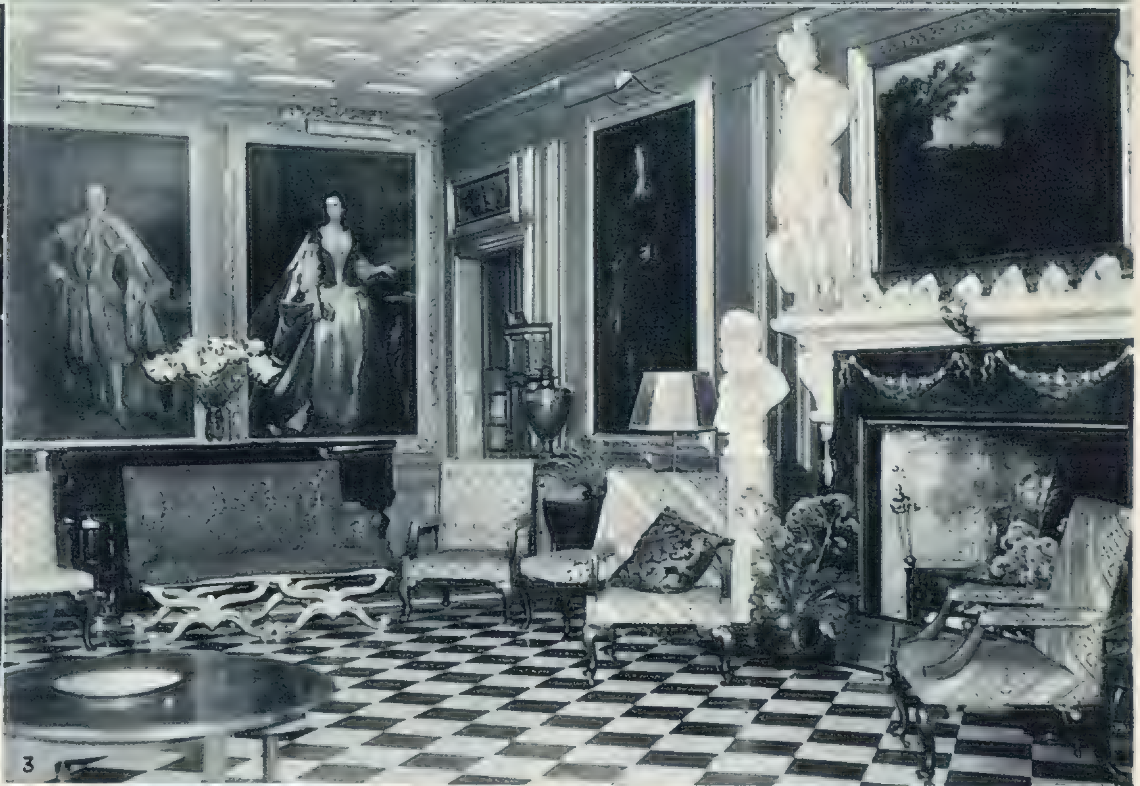

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1. *HAM HOUSE, the historic home of the Earl of Dysart, was the scene of the ball which the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell gave for her débutante daughter, Nefertari. Dancing took place in a huge marquee put up in the garden, and other tents were used for supper rooms. The Terrace was transformed into an Italian supper-room, with three white muslin walls and the other side open to the gardens. Wreaths of leaves, flowers and fruit suggesting a della Robbia decoration, were hung on the walls, between stone masks. The guests included Prince Arthur of Connaught, the King of Greece, Princess Katharine of Greece, and Prince and Princess Christian of Hesse.*
2. *The HON. MRS. RICHARD BETHELL, MISS LOUISE HACK, and the HON. NEFERTARI BETHELL were all at Ham House in the afternoon before the ball, superintending arrangements. Mrs. Bethell's husband, the late Captain the Hon. Richard Bethell, was the late Lord Westbury's son. She is the mother of the present holder of the title.*
3. *The HALL OF HAM HOUSE contains fine pictures and furniture. Owing to the value of the contents of the mansion, the order "No smoking in the house" was issued to guests.*
4. *The CARVED WOOD STAIRCASE is a feature of Ham House. The beautiful doors and fine pictures can be seen in this photograph.*

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MRS. BETHELL BUSY AT HAM HOUSE BEFORE HER BALL.

LIEUT. the HON. MICHAEL DE COURCY, R.N., only son of Lieut.-Colonel Lord Kingsale, of Lodore, Chelston Road, Torquay, is engaged to MISS JOAN REID, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Reid, of Horbury, Yorks.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW

RACE-MEETINGS are not exactly rest-cures, as a rule, but Newmarket, at the First July Meeting (held in July for once, just to be remarkable!), seemed peaceful compared to the heavy air and party-rush of London. The new stands were a great topic of conversation. The old one across the course is still there, and a certain number of diehards still preferred to watch the racing from it. This conservative gesture will not be possible for long, as the structure is to be removed in 1935.

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Summery garden-party frocks were worn by the women. My eyes are surfeited with figured dresses, so were charmed by the plain "banana-pink" crêpe worn by Mrs. Keith Menzies.

His Majesty enjoyed the racing. He wore a grey bowler and a Guards' tie, and came out into the plantation, where he talked to Mrs. Edward Clayton and Lord Harewood. The latter, by the way, wore his celebrated white duck suit and panama hat; and Colonel Fred Cripps introduced a bright touch to his attire by his soft grey felt hat with the curliest brim imaginable. His hair curls, too.

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The Princess Royal was with Lady Noreen Bass and Lady Kitty Lambton. The latter said she had just arrived from abroad, and had done a record rush to Newmarket. She got home at five in the morning, and had put in a visit to the hairdresser before starting off for her day's racing. The result of the coiffeur's ministrations was excellent. Her grey hair had been washed with the new faintly mauve tint, which is so becoming. She had a suit of delicate grey-green in angora, with a scarf to match, adorned with inset bands of red and dark green. Intensely smart, but it must have been warm wear.

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Lady Manton wore a pinky-beige dress which was excellent. She stayed for the week with Lord and Lady Milton. Lord Milton is longing for the summer to go by, for he has taken over the Mastership of the Derwent Hunt, and hardly knows how he will be able to get through the weeks till the hunting season starts!

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The Docklands Settlement Ball had the support of all the smart young-marrieds, and also of one of our smartest and most eligible bachelors, Captain Victor Cazalet. He gave a lovely silver fox fur to be auctioned, and another to be awarded in a prize contest; it was won by Lady Bonham-Carter.

Lord Westmorland was the auctioneer. He found the megaphone hard to manage, but got ninety pounds for his "lot." He had worked for it, too, as, before the auction started, he walked round and round the ball-room, dandling the fur in his arms like a baby, and showing it off. Lady Ravensdale, who looked magnificent in green and red, made a speech, but scorned the megaphone. She has a particularly good voice, and is extremely audible.

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Fashion notes of the evening included Lady Warrender's ear-clips of real lilies of the valley florets, the spray of small arum lilies across Mrs. "Roly" Cubitt's green dress, and the white faille picture frock worn by Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston, with most of her diamond bracelets. Lady Mary Herbert's courage in wearing a great diamond brooch, quite four inches square, at the back of the waist of her satin dress is to be applauded. It looked lovely. Perhaps it was sewn on.

H.R.H. PRINCE CHULA CHAKRABONGSE OF SIAM is well known in England. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and is now doing research work for his Ph.D. and studying law. In our issue of June 27 we published a photograph of the party in the Royal Box at Ascot, and described Prince Chula as Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden.

The marriage of MR. MICHAEL GOLD, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Gold, to MISS ELSPETH BAILEY, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Asbury Bailey, was solemnised at St. Margaret's.

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Lady Titchfield's ball was magnificent, and the decorations of bunches of green leaves and green grapes in the green-and-gold ball-room very original. Mrs. Bethell arranged for the same sort of thing at her ball at Ham House last week, and also decided to have little lemon-trees in the ball-room. The beer-garden; and gipsy band to play for dancers on the special open-air floor laid down in the grounds were other novel ideas. The "No-Smoking-in-the-house" order was on account of the historic treasures it contains.

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The Lefèvre Gallery cocktail-party to introduce Georges Braque's one-man show to London was very gay. All the young girls came hatless, or else they cast their hats on the floor as they arrived. The carpet was strewn with headgear, and almost looked like a flower-bed. Men trod on models, and then apologised wildly.

Braque is France's most fashionable painter; his work is largely archaic in inspiration, and very modern. This is not surprising, as he was a great friend of Picasso, one of the first Cubists. I liked a grey "skeletal" abstraction immensely, and also coveted a small road-scape, like his picture in the Tate.

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Now for the people. Lady Duveen, in a modernist dress of black and white, and lovely pearls, came with her husband, Lord Duveen, who was most enthusiastic about his portrait by George Bergen, a young Russian, who is also painting Mrs. Duncan Macdonald. Mr. Gerald Chichester, assistant private secretary to the Queen, was chatting to Mme. de Margerie, wife of the First Secretary to the French Embassy.

The marriage of MR. DENIS RENWICK, only son of Major G. A. Renwick, M.P., to MISS PHYLLIS ATKINSON, daughter of Mr. A. B. Atkinson, took place at St. Margaret's.

She is vivacious, and was telling everyone how she had flown from Paris, and only arrived half an hour before the party was over.

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Derek Patmore brought me the last blue cocktail, and told me about the biography of his great-great-grandfather, Coventry Patmore, that he is writing. It 'll be a big effort, as it is to be 100,000 words long, and he will have to soak himself in contemporary history to get the atmosphere. Massine came with his wife, whose hair was done in the new " sea-wave," and Lord Hinchingbrooke brought his tall, fair fiancée, Rosemary Peto. They are to be married on the 27th.

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There 's something piquant in looking at modern pictures in the old-world setting of a house in the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, specially when that house contains Chinese jades and hardstone carvings dating from the B.C. Han Dynasty. I enjoyed this novel æsthetic thrill last week, when I went to Captain Bailey's house in the Royal Hospital to see some pictures by Jacques Lestrille, which Mrs. Bailey has been showing to her friends.

Lestrille is not yet thirty, but has already had two of his pictures bought by the State. One, a landscape, is in the Luxembourg. His work is very decorative and extremely individual. It includes flower pieces, landscapes (chiefly of Brittany), and portraits. Birds attract him as subjects, and I liked his study of cocks and hens in a bed of farmyard straw which was used effectively to complete the rhythmic pattern of the feathers.

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Painters were specially well represented at the Russian Ballet at the first production of " Choreartium " this season; they not only enjoyed the choreography, but the pictorial side of the movements and the *décor* and costumes. Mr. Oswald Birley was with his wife, who looked handsome in white lace; Mr. Paul Nash, somewhat pale after his long illness, was talking to friends at the foot of the grand staircase; Mr. Edward Wolfe was in the stalls and so was Mr. Eden Phillpotts, just to show that novelists like the ballet, too. Mr. Stuart-Hill was talking to Lady Forres in an interval, and other interesting personalities in the house were Lady Oxford, with Mr. Anthony Asquith; and Mr. Constant Lambert. Lady Oxford was all in black; a night or two before I saw her at the première of " The Loves of Ariane " all in white — and such elegant white, with a high swathed collar and a scarf effect. But to return to Covent Garden. There was great enthusiasm there, especially after the really fine dancing of " Le Beau Danube."

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Lady (Gomer) Berry's birthday dinner at Chandos House was one of the best parties of the week, but then she 's a perfect hostess, with a perfect house to entertain in, and perfect grace of manner to charm her guests. The forty who dined included Lord and Lady Londonderry, Lady Cunard, glittering and waving in blue sequins and feathers; Lady FitzAlan, Lady Hélène Berry, Lady Cavan, and a couple of Ambassadors, the German and Italian. This very grand company sat down at a long table, adorned with no flowers, but glittering with fine old silver and candelabra, and after dinner had a good time listening to Lucienne Boyer, who went back to Paris immediately afterwards.

MISS JOYCE COOPER, the famous English swimmer, attended Henley Regatta with her fiancé, MR. J. C. BADCOCK.

The concert took place in the drawing-room, which contains the portrait of the third Duke of Clarence, for whose family Chandos House was built by the Adam brothers. The next room is hung with pictures by Hogarth, Reynolds, and Lawrence, but one of the most interesting paintings is a modern one, as it 's de Glehn's portrait of Lady Berry and her daughter, Mlle. Dresselhuys, which has just been finished. She wears a blue dress, and is posed against a leafy garden landscape in the eighteenth-century manner. On the night of her party she looked lovely in oyster satin sewn with, I should think, at least a million tiny gold rings, forming a graduated waterfall effect. There was a gold sash to match her golden hair, and her jewels were rubies and diamonds. All very good indeed.

The LADIES CAROLINE and ELIZABETH PAGET are the eldest and second daughters of the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey. They dress alike and are sometimes mistaken for twins. They are posed with Lady Caroline's cream-coloured peke, Jake.

MISS ANNE MITCHESON is the elder daughter of Major Mitcheson and of Mrs. Mitcheson, of Bentley House, near Atherstone. She has hunted with the Atherstone since she was six, and is a keen politician, who attends Ashridge. In our issue of June 13 we published a snapshot of Miss Mitcheson at Epsom which was described as being a portrait of Lady Mary Lygon.

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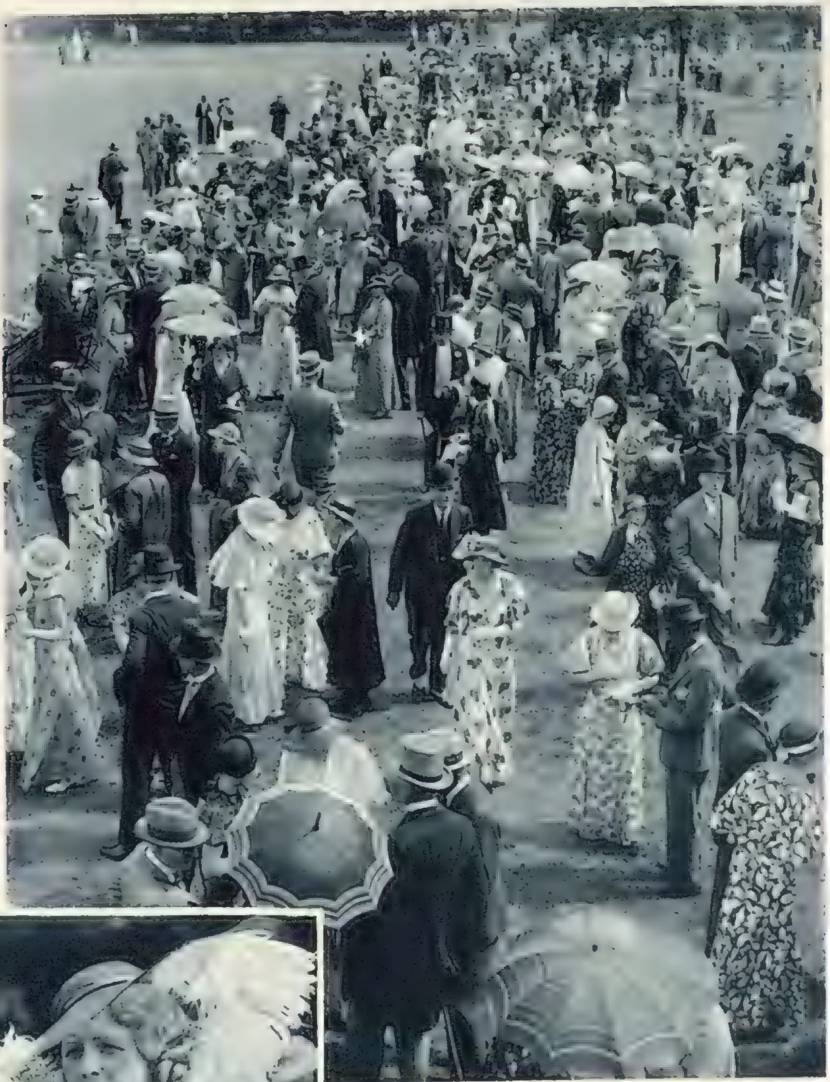
Mrs. Ramsden Jodrell's dance at Sunderland House was just as crowded, just as well done, and just as enjoyable as all the débutantes' balls have been. Lord Petre was dancing with Lady Cecilia Wellesley; Lord Cullen of Ashbourne partnered the blonde Miss Daphne Henderson; Miss Vivianne Parker was dancing, and talking to Mr. Toby Waddington; and Miss Angela Ramsden-Jodrell's partners included Mr. Willy Philipps, who had to leave at 1.30, not because he has a Cinderella complex, but to join a yacht at Brighton and embark on a cruise along the Swedish and Danish coasts. One dress note. Miss Patricia Berry's blue crêpe had a belt and shoulder straps of crimson velvet.

MARIEGOLD.

MR. DENIS BERRY, second son of Sir Gomer Berry, Bt., married MISS ROSEMARY DE ROTHSCHILD, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel de Rothschild, last week. After a ceremony at the Marylebone Register Office, there was a service at St. Columba's Church of Scotland.

HURLINGHAM "ALL INDIAN" FOR THE EMPIRE GARDEN PARTY.

The polo match between teams representing India and Hurlingham, for the Indian Princes' Shield, is a feature of the annual Indian Empire and Eastern Garden Party at Hurlingham. This year Hurlingham was represented by the 9th Lancers' Regimental Team, consisting of MR. R. S. PERRY, CAPTAIN O. L. PRIOR-PALMER, *and* CAPTAIN G. E. PRIOR-PALMER, *and* CAPTAIN G. H. N. TODD *(l. to r.). They won the trophy.*



Some five thousand people assembled at the Indian Empire Garden Party, including distinguished persons of many nationalities, such as the Emir Abdulla of Transjordan, the Japanese Ambassador and Mme. Matsudaira, and the Persian and Egyptian Chargés d'Affaires. This is a general view of the lawns.

SIR IBRAHIM *and* LADY CURRIMBHOY *were among the distinguished visitors. The proceeds of the afternoon were devoted to Lady Minto's Indian Nursing Association.*

MRS. GROSVENOR COLLINS *wore a striking dress carried out in black and white. She had one white and one black fox fur.*

MRS. KYAN-MIN, *who wore Oriental costume, is walking with* MRS. R. K. HARPER.

LORD CARNEGIE, *son of the Earl of Southesk, was photographed with* MRS. ARBUTHNOT LESLIE.

GRAN'POP LISTENS TO THE FELLOW WHO WANTS TO MAKE THE "NOISES" FOR THE B. B. C.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD, F.Z.S. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

THE LADY WHO FOLLOWED HER SECRET HEART, MÉLANIE (YVONNE PRINTEMPS).

MLLE. YVONNE PRINTEMPS, the Mélanie of "CONVERSATION PIECE," at His Majesty's, has Mr. Noel Coward to play opposite to her as the Duc for the last weeks of his play. It is being withdrawn on July 21st, as she has to fulfil a previous engagement. "I'll Follow My Secret Heart" is the theme-song of the piece and one of Mlle. Printemps' big "hits."

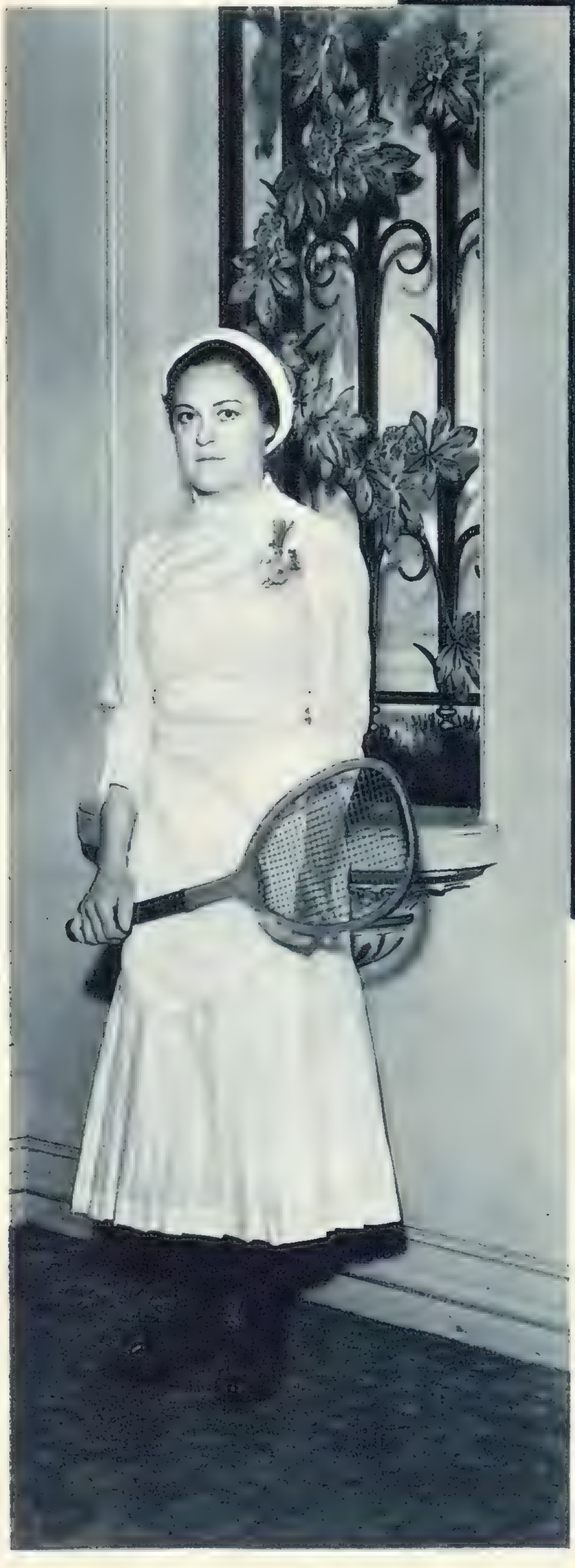
DIRECT COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH BY THE FINLAY PROCESS.

1. SIR WALTER PRESTON, MRS. McKIRDY, MRS. DAVIS, and LADY PRESTON are among the yachting people who have been at Cowes during the recent brilliant weather.
2. MR. and MRS. JOHN GRETTON and MR. and MRS. LEOPOLD LONSDALE at Cowes. Mr. John Gretton is the son of Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Gretton. His wife was Miss Margaret Loeffler.
3. MISS KATHLEEN COLLEDGE, COMMANDER MICHELL and GENERAL and MRS. FITZ-PATRICK were at the Bembridge Sailing Club Regatta.
4. MRS. BRITTEN, wife of Major Britten, the well-known yachtsman, is enjoying a bathing holiday at Bembridge with her sons, JOHN and ROBIN.
5. MISS YVONNE SAMUELSON, MISS BETTY HOBSON, and MR. PETER SAMUELSON wore comfortable nautical kit at the Bembridge Regatta.
6. MISS BETTY MEE is here seen with MR. C. H. W. CROSS, who competed in the Solent Sunbeam Class at the Bembridge Sailing Club Regatta with "Comedy."
7. MISS JOAN GATTI, MR. SWINBURN, and MRS. GRAHAM STRAKER attended the Bembridge Regatta.

THE YACHTING SEASON: AT COWES AND BEMBRIDGE.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO— THESE THREE LADIES,

FOR SHOWING US "LONGS" FOR LAWN TENNIS.

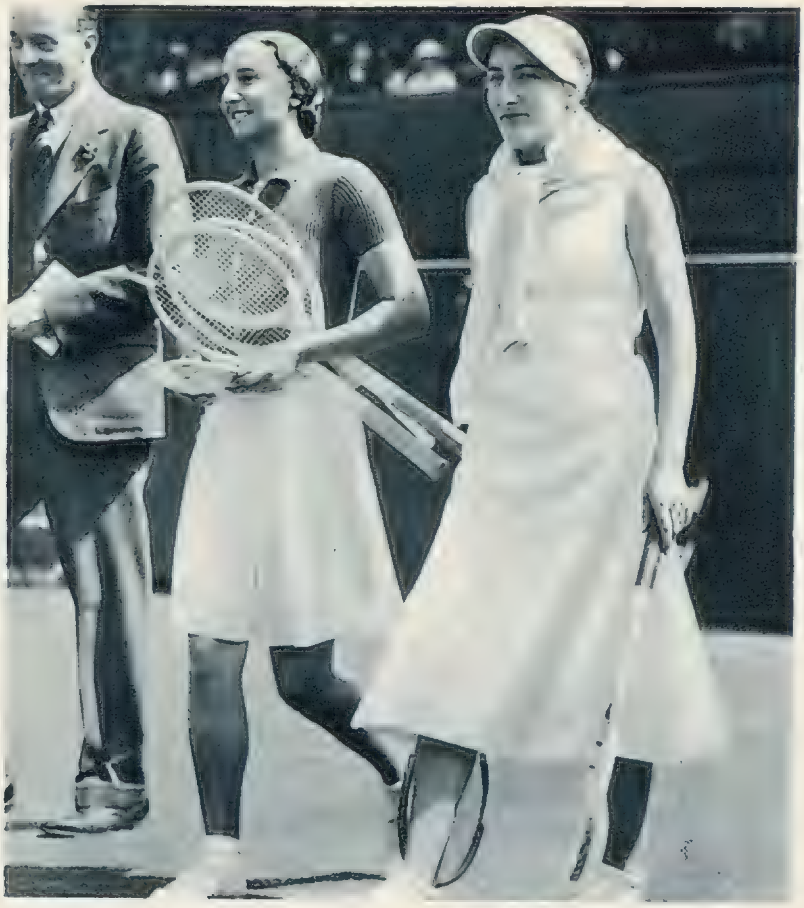


MANY of the lady lawn tennis players have shown us shorts for the courts. Just for a change, MISS MARY HEELEY (left), MRS. "BUNNY" AUSTIN (Miss Phyllis Konstam; centre), and MLLE. SUZANNE LENGLEN (right) arranged to show us "longs" for lawn tennis, in the Pageant of Tennis at the Tennis Ball fixed for July 9 at Grosvenor House. MISS MARY HEELEY is in a dress worn by Miss Lotty Dod, who was the Wimbledon Champion at the age of fifteen, in 1887. Her black stockings and "sand shoes" should be noted. MRS. "BUNNY" AUSTIN, is in an 1876 fashion; and MLLE. SUZANNE LENGLEN wears a style of 1892. The "boater" straw hat, collar and tie, combined with a diamond star to fasten the waistbelt, form an enchanting ensemble.

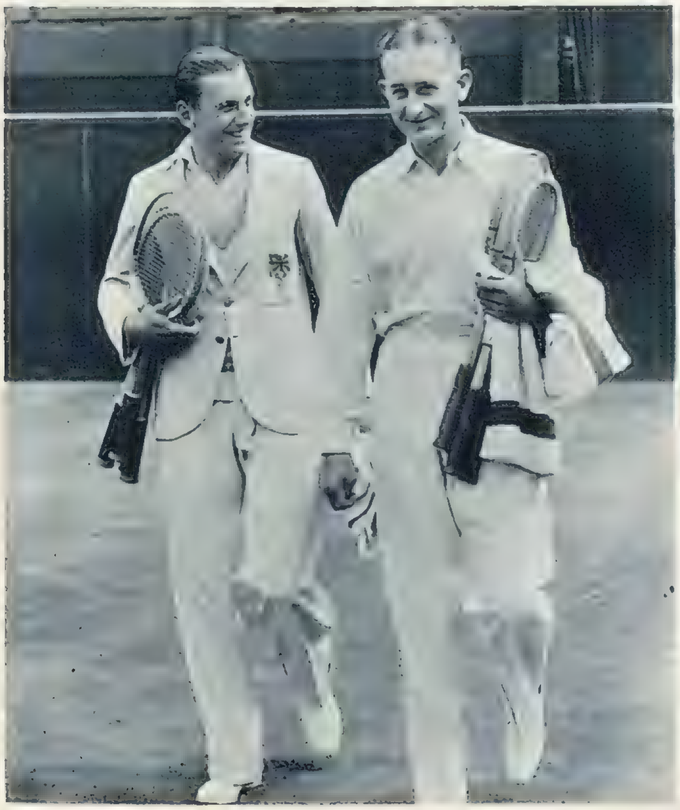
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SASHA.

WITH AS MANY "FANS" AS FILM STARS: WIMBLEDON FINALISTS.

MISS HELEN JACOBS, the leading U.S.A. woman player, beat MISS J. HARTIGAN (Australia; right) in the semi-final on the Centre Court at Wimbledon, and so passed into the final of the Ladies' Singles, where she met the British Miss Round.



MISS DOROTHY ROUND (G.B.) beat MME. MATHIEU (France; right) in the semi-final of the Ladies' Singles, and thus qualified to meet the redoubtable Miss Helen Jacobs in the U.S.A.-British final.



F. J. PERRY (G.B.; left) and J. CRAWFORD (Australia) provided us with an All-British-Empire final in the Men's Singles at Wimbledon. J. Crawford beat F. X. Shields (U.S.A.) in the semi-final.

F. J. PERRY (G.B.) won a fine victory against S. B. Woods (U.S.A.) in the semi-final by 6—3, 3—6, 7—5, 5—7, 6—5. In spite of his strenuous match, he was able to jump for joy over the net after his win.

LIKE AN ATHLETE OF ANCIENT GREECE:

MISS HELEN JACOBS, the American girl Champi
Dorothy Round in the final of the Ladies' Singles at Wi
Her perfect grace and well-balanced movements recall a
these beautiful photographs show. The two full-length
the sculptor's chisel. Miss Helen Jacobs beat Miss Joa
Australian Champion, in the semi-final by 6—2, 6—2,
thirty-five minutes. She followed her usual tactics and
chops and drives mainly directed down the middle of the
Miss Jacobs can use the pen as well as the racquet, fo
that in our last two issues we have published articles b
players from the American point of view; and the Ame
this year. The first of these articles was illustrated by snaps

CAMERA PORTRAITS BY DOROTHY WIL

HELEN JACOBS, OF PERFECT GRACE.

who met the British Miss
ledon, is classically handsome.
athlete of Ancient Greece, as
ss record poses fit to inspire
Hartigan, the nineteen-year-old
a match which only lasted
.. a stream of slowish lofted
urt, and well varied in length.
"Sketch" readers will recall
y her discussing the British
ean new-comers to Wimbledon
ots taken by Miss Jacobs herself.

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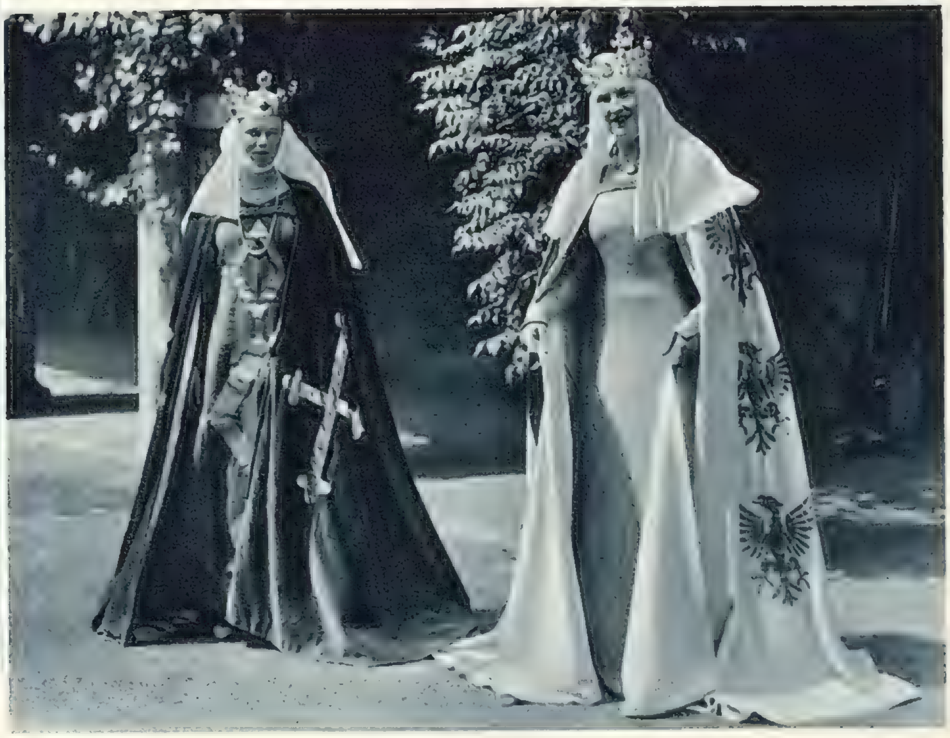
WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL CLOISTERS AS A THEATRE.

A specially written historical play, " THE MARRIAGE OF HENRY IV.," was produced in the Cloisters of Winchester Cathedral during the Festival of Music and Drama there last week. William of Wykeham (DR. E. JONES-EVANS) is seen with Mistress John Dobbs, Hostess of the White Hart Inn (MRS. DE LA LEE GILL).



LADY MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU (right) took the part of one of the Ladies of the Court. MISS LAVENDER DAWNAY was the second Lady of the Court.

The dignity of the setting, and the way the play was staged, are illustrated by this photograph of Henry IV. (MAJOR JOHN MONTGOMERY) and Queen Joan of Navarre (MISS GWENDOLEN DU BOULAY) with the courtiers, pages, and attendants. Henry the Fourth's marriage to Joan of Navarre, daughter of Charles II., King of Navarre, took place in 1403. She was his second wife.

MISS LAURA COWIE is Queen Elizabeth in the Pageant of Parliament at the Royal Albert Hall, which continues until July 21. Her amazing make-up includes a false nose and a wig which gives the effect of a high forehead. She is watching the Shakespearean Ballet of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

LADY DIANA COOPER AS A QUEEN; AN M.P. KING; AND LAURA COWIE'S QUEEN BESS.

MR. NIGEL COLMAN, M.P. for Brixton, takes the part of Charles II. He is here seen without his wig. The centuries are ignored in this photograph, for he is talking to Edward the Fourth's Queen, Elizabeth Woodville (LADY DIANA COOPER). She was the mother of the little Princes who were strangled in the Tower in 1483.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE DALLISON.

NEWS REVIEW.

MISS DAPHNE HANCOCK, MISS JOHNSTONE, MISS CHOLMONDELEY, MISS IRENE MANN-THOMPSON, and MISS HARBOARD met at Miss Tiny Dennistoun-Sword's cocktail-party to discuss the arrangements for the Tennis Ball on July 9. A "Pageant of Lawn Tennis" was arranged for the Ball; and is illustrated elsewhere in this issue.

The HON. BRINSLEY LE POER TRENCH at the Pageant of Parliament with MISS JONNÉ BRISCOE-GEORGE.

MISS AMALIA DEMETRIADI and MR. ELLAND D'ABO at the Puff Ball in aid of the Federation of Working Girls' Clubs. Miss Demetriadi is the daughter of Sir Stephen Demetriadi.

LADY ABERCONWAY'S infant son was christened in St. Stephen's Crypt. He was named CHRISTOPHER; and his brother Charles, aged twenty-one, was a godfather.

LADY PLUNKETT and MR. WALTER CHRISHAM danced in the cabaret at the Golden Ball in aid of the Golden Square Hospital. She had floral shoulder-straps and a flower over her ear.

MISS TINY SWORD, MR. COLIN SWORD, MR. SWORD, and MRS. ROLAND ROBINSON (l. to r.) went to Harrow for Speech Day. Mrs. Roland Robinson was Miss Maysie Gasque.

~On His Majesty's Service~

"THE SURVIVORS' STORY" by A. D. McCORMICK R.I.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

TOBACCO & CIGARETTES

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

N.C.C.59

SPRINGBOKS ON THE SPRING-BOARD.

The team of South African athletes and divers who have come over to compete in the forthcoming Empire Games at the Empire Pool, Wembley, sampled the Serpentine. MISS OLIVE WHITSETT, the South African Diving Champion, is doing a jack-knife dive, watched by MISS RUSSELL, the 100-yard sprinter, and MISS MOLLY RYDE, the fourteen-year-old back-stroke expert.

MISS OLIVE WHITSETT, the South African Empire Diving Champion, doing a perfect swallow-dive.

The MISSES WHITSETT, HAYWARD, RUSSELL, RYDE, and MAAKAL, who come from South Africa, the land whose athletes are known as "Springboks," are lined up on the spring-board, ready to dive.

MISS WHITSETT is here seen performing a most difficult screw-dive in the Serpentine, which she and her companions visited soon after their arrival in London.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

"MEN IN WHITE," the deodorised and Europeanised American play by Mr. Sidney Kingsley, which was hailed with enthusiasm at the Lyric, proves one more decisive step towards freedom from the Censor (although the film-fathers not unwisely banned it). Even twenty years ago, a play with obstetrics, an illegal, this time self-applied, operation, culminating in another surgical feat which might have saved the patient's life, albeit that it would for ever bereave her of maternity, would have met with outcry and condemnation. Remember the ostracism of Brieux's famous "Damaged Goods"! But we have changed all that. Nowadays an audience of all ages takes everything for granted, and if one's glance flits across the playhouse, it is rather the male part of the audience that looks embarrassed than the female. Having forewarned you what to expect of this play, I may go on and say that, of its kind, it is very clever, very exciting, and very well limbered. It has not the depth of Guitry's famous "Pasteur," nor G. B. Shaw's searching *esprit* in "Doctor's Dilemma," but it impresses by its stark realism and its undoubted verisimilitude. So long as it adheres strictly to its obvious plan of campaign—the vital and pictorial projection of hospital life; of doctors' individualities; of their personal idiosyncrasies; of their dissensions and jealousies; of their fine traits of character and their petty vices; of their immense labours badly paid—it grips. It is in the narrative of the plot—the wrestling between ambition and his vocation of the young surgeon—that there is a flaw: namely, the author's portrayal of the doctor's fiancée, a selfish little woman who knows that her lover has much to learn, that he loves his profession, that she imperils his chances. She deserves to be jilted; she is indirectly responsible for his "moment of oblivion" with a tender-hearted nurse.

When she learns the truth, she still rides the high horse, and if the poor little nurse had not died after the great operation, heaven only knows how the plot would have screwed into a happy ending. However, Mr. Kingsley manages that, and so the public goes home both satisfied and satiated. That scene in the operating-room, with its ablutions, disinfections, garbing in white, masking features, rubber gloves, and all the elaborate preparations for an operation, obscured from our view by a timely fall of the curtain, is unforgettable. No wonder that the senior surgeon, the fiancée's godfather, should urge her to see for herself and profit by it. To the lay person, always in fear of the very word operation, it is almost a nightmare. Yet now the audience applauded it vociferously, so all was well. A large cast devoted itself with great earnestness to the various impersonations. Every one of the doctors had the right manner and tone, especially Mr. Lewis Casson, the senior, a personality of learning and great distinction; Mr. Walter Piers, the colleague jealous of the hero; Mr. Robert Douglas, and Mr. Carleton Hobbs, the Semitic practitioner who sacrificed everything for his wife doomed to tuberculosis. But Mr. Douglas deserves great and single-handed praise for his performance of the young surgeon, the hero of the occasion. At times, alas! he was not very distinct, but when he was he struck the right note; he was the typical devotee destined to get on. Miss Jill Esmond did her best to humanise the selfish nature of the fiancée; she developed the character with great skill; and Miss Joan Marion was a pathetic little figure as the nurse who loved too well.

"Lines from the Ballet" is the artist's title to this caricature of "LES BALLETS RUSSES," at Covent Garden. It is a fast impression of "Le Lac des Cygnes." ROMAN JASINSKY, DANILOVA, and PAUL PETROFF are the artists concerned.

Le roi s'amuse—Mr. Cyril Maude, that evergreen, well-beloved actor, far too little seen in London, has written a little comedy in partnership with Peter (read "Petronella," for she is a woman) Garland, under the title of "STRANGE COUSINS," which was produced at Miss Hayward's Players Theatre for a trial trip. Of course, Mr. Maude knows all the tricks of the trade, and what, with his collaborator, he has produced is a regular actor's play. It contains a collection of familiar types—a clergyman, a bishop, a "polite little lunatic," a very hoity-toity village society leader—who disport themselves now in humour, now in facetious ways, as per precept. The plot is nicely laid out in the first act. Her ladyship is too busy with bazaars, charity meetings, etc.; his lordship is bored, and brings to the mansion a "distant cousin"—save the mark! Promptly her ladyship pays him out in his own coin. She welcomes a so-called motor "ace," who, under some pretext, calls at the house, and passes him off as *her* distant cousin. Not until the middle of the second act do we learn that these bright young people are crooks of the deepest dye. Before that, time is filled with much inconsequential palaver. The same occurs in the third act. It is here that the constructive powers of the authors, their art of preparation, fails. Not until the very last moment is our interest rekindled. Before going further, this snag in the play should be amended. Much credit is due to the actors, who worked loyally for their revered senior. So long as Miss Marie Löhr was on the stage, all was life and sunshine. Her acting, her sense of comedy, is exquisite. Her daughter, Miss Jane Prinsep, a promising aspirant, has some of her mother's personality, and it was most interesting to behold how these twain, in antagonistic parts, played into one another's hands. Mr. Henry Hallet, Mr. Richard Goolden—very amusing as a kind of knowing nitwit—Mr. Ben Webster, a very chummy, mundane bishop; and Mr. Patrick Waddington were all happily cast, and obviously enjoyed the warm reception of the play.

Sherriffs' impressions of "LES BALLETS RUSSES" at Covent Garden include High Life in Le Tricorne, otherwise "The Three-Cornered Hat." The Miller (MASSINE; left), and his Wife (TOUMANOVA; right) are leaping exultantly heavenward, while the discomforted Governor (LICHINE; centre) totters about in impotent frenzy.

Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page XII.

STARS ALL SET FOR THE SEA.

MISS GENEVIEVE TOBIN looks lovely posed against a rocky background in her ivory-white swimming suit. She was seen at the Plaza the other day in "Success at Any Price," in which she played opposite to Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Junior.

(Right) MISS CAROLE LOMBARD'S swimming suit is of black silk jersey, with a very low-cut back. Her three glittering bracelets and high-heeled sandals complete a first-rate beach outfit. She can be seen at the Plaza with Mr. John Barrymore in the Columbia picture, "Twentieth Century."

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

FROM time immemorial careless kings have sent good-looking envoys to fetch their brides-elect, and then the foolish fellows are surprised to find that the brides and the envoys, true to tradition, have fallen in love on the way! That is what happens in "PRINCESS CHARMING"—that, and a lot of Ruritanian trimmings, revolution and romance. This Gainsborough picture at the New Gallery, starring Evelyn Laye, is a frothy, witty affair, directed by Maurice Elvey, with his tongue in his cheek, at an exhilarating pace. Mr. Elvey has borrowed a tip or two from Lubitsch, treating the whole thing in a vein

The shadow of LICHINE is here represented dancing "Cotillon."

of satirical phantasia. He strikes the note of refreshing unreality from the first awakening of the Princess to the melodious ministrations of her ladies-in-waiting. Whilst Miss Laye sips her tea to a song, the revolutionaries, under the leadership of a pocket-Hitler, are hard at it. To escape their violence, she is hastily married to her royal fiancé's envoy, a naval officer; nor do either of these young people see any reason why their marriage should be annulled for State reasons and an elderly King. However, since this Merry Monarch, played by George Grossmith with polished humour, has consolation close at hand, in the enchanting person of Yvonne Arnaud, all ends merrily, if a trifle abruptly. Max Miller, at his funniest, wanders in and out of the action as an insurance-agent, rattling off his excellent lines at a speed that Lee Tracy could not better. Why he turns out to be an escaped lunatic I really do not know. It is all of a piece with the absurdities of this light-hearted entertainment, to which Evelyn Laye lends her pretty dignity, her fine voice, and her *espièglerie*; and which, though it is lavishly staged, suffers no interruption from spectacular song-and-dance scenas. Forwhich relief, much thanks.

After being retained for a second week's run at the Empire, "The Thin Man" makes way for "SADIE McKEE," a "made-to-measure" vehicle for the glamorous personality of Joan Crawford. In the title-rôle, Miss Crawford undoubtedly has a part which offers scope to her ability for portraying emotional suffering, and which also gives her suitable opportunities for displaying the rather extreme clothes that her "fans" have come to expect. An element of romance arises from the fact that the butterfly is not always a butterfly, but graduates to this enviable state from the drab uniform of a servant-girl. Perhaps "novelettish" would not be too unkind a word to apply to a film which utilises the old, old story of the poor girl who wins the love of her employer, after suffering betrayal by a lover of her own class and experiencing some months of marriage with a drunken millionaire, who finally and altruistically gives her her freedom. But the director, Mr. Clarence Brown, has treated his material with a good deal of skill, providing realistic backgrounds which lend conviction to the less probable incidents of an artificial drama. Apart from the star, the best acting comes from Edward Arnold, whose study of the kind-hearted drunkard is cleverly conceived. Franchot Tone and Gene Raymond share dubious honours as rich and poor suitor respectively. Jean Dixon, as a "woman of the world," and Esther Ralston, as a cabaret singer, are conspicuous in an adequate ensemble.

The management of the Carlton Theatre have secured a *primeur* in "MADAME DU BARRY," and London has the unusual experience of seeing this First National excursion into history in advance of New York. The picture, directed by William Dieterle, is, first and foremost, remarkable for its reconstruction of a wildly extravagant period. It is not surprising that the career of a famous *courtisane*, whose every whim was gratified by an ageing and licentious King, should have inspired Hollywood to one of those sumptuous productions in which money—big money—talks through every foot. The film glitters gallantly. Marble floors catch the reflection of spreading skirts, and luxury drenches the atmosphere. Dramatically, however, this episodic chronicle is rather heavy going. The Du Barry, risen from the people to rule a sovereign and scandalise a Court, remains a puppet, obediently performing its amazing antics, and Dolores del Rio, a brilliant creature, in her wigs and furbelows, is not to be blamed if she fails to reveal, except in the scene of the King's death, the woman behind the lay figure. Reginald Owen's massive portrait of Louis XV., dissolute, amorous, yet not without a certain weary dignity and cynical wit, is impressive; and Verree Teasdale as the Du Barry's most implacable enemy, the Duchess de Grammont, cuts incisively into the action. But the human element in this drama of decadence and intrigue is smothered beneath the weight of gorgeous display.

"20th CENTURY" (Plaza) is a satirical comedy, taking its inspiration from the temperamental disposition of a famous American impresario. Primarily aiming at subtlety, the film rapidly becomes burlesque, with John Barrymore revelling in this chance of histrionic fireworks and Carole Lombard little behind him in zest. Walter Conolly and Roscoe Kearns, as a theatrical manager and Press agent who suffer frequent dismissal through the vagaries of their chief, put in some effective comedy work.

This is a study of the great dancer, MASSINE, in action in "The Three-Cornered Hat."

FRANCE IN THE DAYS OF MADAME DU BARRY: AS SEEN AT HOLLYWOOD.

"MADAME DU BARRY," the new First National picture presenting the famous favourite of Louis XV., has just come to the Carlton Theatre. DOLORES DEL RIO plays the Du Barry, whose sudden rise to power, and equally spectacular fall on the death of the King, form the subject of the film. Mr. Reginald Owen is Louis XV., Mr. Osgood Perkins plays Richelieu, Miss Anita Louise is Marie-Antoinette, and Mr. Henry O'Neill, the Duc de Choiseul. The "stills" on this page show how the Court and the Fête Champêtre scenes are presented. The little ivory hand with which the black page is scratching the Du Barry's shoulder was as common an eighteenth-century toilet implement as the lipstick is a twentieth-century one.

"BLACK JACK'S COTTAGE" AND ITS HOSTESS, ANN TODD.

1. MISS ANN TODD (the clever young actress who is, in private life, Mrs. Victor Malcolm) and her husband have a cottage on the banks of the Union Canal at Harefield called "Black Jack's Cottage." Here Mrs. Malcolm is opening the lock.—2. The sitting-room.—3. Miss Ann Todd watching a barge go by.—4. The outside of "Black Jack's Cottage."—5. MR. VICTOR MALCOLM, younger son of Sir Ian and Lady Malcolm of Poltalloch, with MRS. MALCOLM.—6. The dining-room at "Black Jack's Cottage."—7. Another towpath study of Miss Ann Todd.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SASHA.

QUEEN HENRIETTA - MARIA —
NOT BY VANDYCK.

MLLE. YVONNE ARNAUD, the charming and distinguished actress, is Queen Henrietta-Maria, the wife of Charles I., in the Pageant of Parliament, which continues at the Albert Hall until July 21. This photograph makes an interesting comparison with the celebrated Vandyck portraits of the Queen. One hangs at Althorp, the seat of Earl Spencer. Henrietta-Maria was the daughter of Henry IV. of France (Henry of Navarre) and sister to Louis XIII.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER NORTH.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

Mr. L. A. G. STRONG'S latest story must be classed among novels of disease. A gloomy category! And yet "Corporal Tune" is not exactly a gloomy book. For one thing, the hero and sufferer, Ignatius Farrelly, is a philosopher and, to some extent, an optimist. He has been ill too long to feel panic, even when awaiting the doctor's verdict, even when the morning of the operation dawns. Half his happiness lies buried with his wife; it is comparatively easy for him, wanting the fierce instinct to live, to analyse his sufferings and note the progress of his symptoms. Again, he meets with kindness from almost everyone—his friends on the West Coast of Scotland, his sisters, and the doctors and nurses who look after his case. Super-

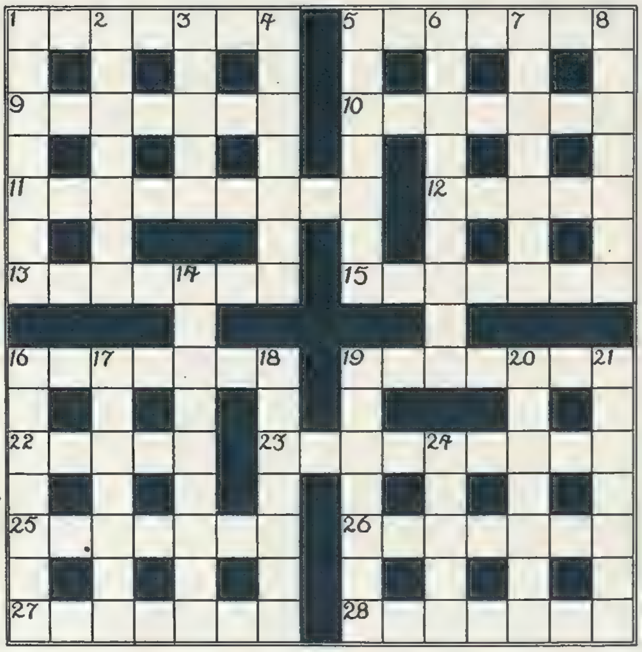
But there are many pages when the reconciling grace of the melody is not felt, and then "Corporal Tune" is a sad book, sad and disquieting. We are made to realise the limits to which sympathy—the professional sympathy of nurses and doctors—can go. How quickly they are reached! Even the more spontaneous solicitude of Nelly and Moira (Moira, by the way, seems to change her character in mid-stream: she is tiresome at the beginning, delightful at the end) cannot accomplish much; usually it is Ignatius who is comforting them, not they him. And, though the story is not intended as a satire on the medical profession, it makes us feel vaguely uneasy: the mystification, the secret conclaves, the way of treating the patient as though his malady was their concern, not his. The great specialist is more human; but Forsyth, with his artificially hearty manner, makes us shudder.

"Corporal Tune" is Mr. Strong at his best. It is subtle, unforced, moving, beautiful; it marks a definite extension of the author's range. He has had some difficulty in turning his sick-room annals into a story; the frame (mostly compiled from incidents in Ignatius's past life) does not quite fit the theme; it is like a frame round a temperature-chart. But we should be less aware of this if the hero's illness were not so terribly real. After all, even a moderate bout of sickness makes one's own past life, and future, seem a dream.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

ACROSS.

1. There's a donkey in range here.
5. Hard gag is likely to give this appearance.
9. Epithet for a shame.
10. Such beams couldn't be light, could they?
11. A county town in England.
12. Call forth all right during the course of the day before.
13. Contribute—like a setter?
15. She is not necessarily an optimist, but she hopes to succeed.
16. Much the same as No. 2 Down.
19. By them a man may increase the number of his initials.
22. A Shakespearean forest.
23. Omit grain (anag.).
25. Neither changed nor is it outside it.
26. The daily round you get out in about.
27. All that makes anything really what it is, but it takes a German town to set it going.
28. A garrulous fellow would have a special dread of one form of this disease.



DOWN.

1. Give him an old shoe.
2. Better halved, so to speak.
3. Singers used continually to be asking where this girl was.
4. Caught a view of.
5. A great English satirical artist.
6. A pursuit that might include stock-raising.
7. Wind-flower: revised version of one name.
8. The housemaid will guess these items in her armoury.
14. Indifference.
16. What rattles may do, if swung around.
17. Firemen—but not you, madam—find them a welcome adjunct to hose.
18. A schoolmaster in the North.
19. Shouldn't this pace suit the Territorials? (two words.)
20. You have the week's before you.
21. Not the sort of day I like, unless nearly all of it is.
24. Grown-up.

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, July 16, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published at the top left hand corner of page VIII) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

ficially, at any rate, the story is warm with tenderness and sympathy and solicitude. Moreover, we are not, as in Ivan Ilyitch and Lord Raingo, forewarned of the coming end, unless a tiny incident at Ignatius's arrival in the London terminus is intended to symbolise it. We are even more sanguine, perhaps, than Ignatius himself. Throughout the story there is room—nay, reason—for hope; we are not haunted (nor was Ignatius) by the conviction that all is provisional and temporary. Ignatius reassures his sisters, chats with the nurses, fences with one doctor, argues earnestly with another, and we take these experiences at their face value. They do not depress us with a sense of irony and futility, as would the last conversations of a criminal in the condemned cell.

Bitter-Sweet.

Finally, Mr. Strong does not call his book a "tune" for nothing. It goes with a kind of lilt, that expresses a tremulous, bitter-sweet emotion like the air in Chopin's "Funeral March." Though battered and broken, the body is still capable of song, a corporal tune only perceptible at times, and transformed at last into a triumphant outburst of celestial harmony. Music is a marvellous transformer of emotion; it can plant the sting of sorrow more deeply, or it can pluck it out. The effect of music that Mr. Strong contrives to get into "Corporal Tune" certainly lessens the painfulness of the story, just as a lovely air—"Che Farò Senza Eurydice"—softens the poignancy of the words it illustrates.

"The Darkening Green."

"The Darkening Green" (what a lovely title!) is a very pleasant story of English village life before motor-cars and petrol-pumps and omnipresent tea-shops had invaded it. Mr. Compton Mackenzie's hero is a small boy, very likable but not goody-goody. Staying in the holidays with friends at High Beeching, this observant child took a great many notes; among other things, he quickly guessed the well-guarded secret that Grace Ardley and Will Ingledew were in love with each other. A tragic passion, for Will's wife was shut up in a madhouse. The progress of this unhappy attachment supplies the book with a story, saves it from being a mere collection of delightful but random reminiscences. Perhaps I should not say "mere"; for never has Mr. Mackenzie's imagination been more fertile in devising odd and diverting types. In the extensive gallery of comic charwomen, Mrs. Tagger will always occupy an honourable place; almost too garrulous, perhaps, she never makes one of her page-long speeches without embedding a jewel in it. And Eustace, too, with his quotations from the classics and his facetious nicknames for the worthies of High Beeching: in real life he might have been a bore, but endowed with Mr. Mackenzie's wit he is uniformly amusing. Mr. Mackenzie is not a professional humourist, but he rarely fails to make one laugh. He does not, in "The Darkening Green" at any rate, try to make one cry, though the tender-hearted may shed a tear over Grace and Will, and even non-sentimentalists will lament the transformation of High Beeching and its like, those haunts

[Continued on page x.

BY APPOINTMENT TO
HIS MAJESTY THE KING

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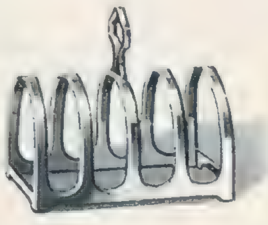

Sterling Silver Toast Rack
5-bar **10/6** 7-bar **16/6**

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

LONG before you read this, the Open Championship will have been won, and won, I hope, for Britain. Here I am in exile; and, as I write, the last round is being played. So far, all I know, not being in reach of a wireless, is our fine showing in the qualifying rounds, and Henry Cotton's great opening round of 67 in the Championship proper, that put him three strokes ahead of the field and four in front of Denny Shute, last year's winner and the leader of the Americans this. You can have no idea what it is to be thus cut off from such vital events. What, for instance, happened in that all-important second round, and what were the fortunes and disasters of the final day's play? Did Cotton keep his lead? Was Shute able to retrieve those four strokes, and, if so, did he retain his title by definitely superior play, or, as last year, succeed rather by avoiding the mistakes made by his challengers? Or did he fail to last a hot pace? And what of Padgham and Alliss, not to speak of the Whitcombes, of Hodson and Taggart, and other fine golfers on the threshold of the holy of holies? Or did some new star arise to shine upon an astonished world? You will know, but, like the dying Dorset man, "I shän't knaw," unless some kind friend remembers me with a telegram. All I can hope is that Britain will have triumphed at last, and, because he has worked so hard and consistently, I could wish the triumph will have been Cotton's. At any rate, the Royal St. George's Club deserves a British win for having opened the club-house to professional golfers. I hope we shall do the same in the Royal and Ancient when next the Open comes to St. Andrews.

H.E. THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN PARIS, SIR GEORGE CLERK, is here seen at Chantilly with some of the competitors in the France v. Great Britain Ladies' International Golf Match. MISS PAM BARTON, who was defeated by Mme. René Lacoste in the singles and won her match against Mme. Lacoste and Mlle. Aline de Gunzbourg in the foursomes, when she partnered Mrs. Holm, is seen on the right. MRS. and MISS CLERK are also included in the picture.

The Right Thing—

And, talking of St. Andrews, I see in the papers that the Green Committee has made an appeal to local players to spare the Old Course after the gruelling year of important events and the drought that it has passed through, and, for all I know, may be suffering still. These local golfers are asked to play on the New and the Eden Courses instead. I hope the request may be met generously, but if it is not, then I hope that the authorities may use their powers and restrict play on the Old Course to the various important events of the various clubs in the city. Indeed, I cannot help thinking that this would have been the right, if bold, step to have taken in the first instance. Those who play regularly in the medals and competitions of the various clubs know the Old Course well enough to be content with playing it on the competition days, if thereby its condition is to be saved or spared disastrous wear and tear. After all, the links belong to the town, and count as its greatest asset. Once let the Old Course suffer beyond repair, and St. Andrews will suffer also—another such eclipse as Dr. Johnson found, the record of which should sound a warning to the City Fathers. The proper thing to do would be to confine play to club competitions, until these finish with September, and after that to put it out of play altogether, for rest and recuperation, until the spring, when competitions start once again. Moreover, both the New and Eden Courses would benefit greatly by more play. Even at the cost of another Parliamentary Bill—and I am by no means sure that this is necessary—herein lies the true interest of the Old Course and so of the town itself.

MISS DIANA FISHWICK was the heroine of the fourth International Women's Golf Match between France and Great Britain. By holing a three-yard putt on the last green in her game against Mlle. Francine Tollon, she halved the match and enabled Great Britain and France to finish level. Our group of the British players shows MRS. ANDREW HOLM, the English Lady Champion (extreme left), MISS PAM BARTON and MISS DIANA FISHWICK (l. to r.), MISS WANDA MORGAN (fifth from left), and MISS DOROTHY PEARSON (next her). The other members of the team were MISS P. WADE and MISS COUPER.

—and the Wrong.

Again, I read in a very interesting article by "M. W.," in the *Observer*, the views expressed in America on the present superiority of American amateur golf. "M. W." has, as I see it, answered these criticisms admirably. All I wish to say something on is where *Golf Illustrated* of America claims to possess fifty better Championship tests in America than the Old Course of St. Andrews. Here, I think, this beautifully got up and always interesting periodical is wide of the mark. St. Andrews is a unique links. The very nature of its ground makes it so. True seaside ground is in the vast minority among courses, and so standards have inevitably come to be set and judged by made courses, laid out over very different types of country. America, indeed, does not possess one course of the natural links variety. And yet St. Andrews has stood the test of the long-flying ball, even in hard and dry weather. True, many of the longer strokes have no longer to be employed, but there is no course, of whatever length, that can avoid this charge in hard weather. In heavy weather and a wind, the critic in *Golf Illustrated* would find the Old Course just as long as he could wish. Again, it is not fair to judge St. Andrews by Pine Valley, for these two represent two totally different types of golf. What has happened at St. Andrews is that, in hard weather, the par figures of such holes as the 3rd, 6th, 7th, 9th, 10th, 12th, and 18th have become threes instead of fours for great players, but they are just as hard threes as ever they were fours in the days of the gutta and large, light rubber-core. And if more promising young players followed the game round St. Andrews than is the sad fact at the moment, it would be found to produce just as good golfers as any of the fifty courses to which *Golf Illustrated* of America alludes.

Cotton Does It.

Just as I was handing this letter over to catch the air mail, a telegram *did* come! It read: "Cotton 283, Brews 288, Dallemagne 292." So Cotton has done it, and done it nobly. Well done, Cotton! My very belated congratulations to this magician with the golf ball are none the less sincere and heartfelt for being so behind time.

The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: *The Illustrated* **Sporting and Dramatic** *News; Every Friday.*

Dinner on the terrace of The SUMMER SPORTING.

At the SUMMER SPORTING gambling now takes place on the Terrace in the open air—an entirely new idea.

MONTE CARLO BEACH

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"NEVER knew it to be otherwise," said the broker. "We are as bad as the farmers: they always grumble, whatever happens. And so do we."

"Sorry, but I don't agree with you," a jobber rejoined. "I have no complaints with Nineteen - Thirty - Four. At least," he added reflectively, "not too many."

"Business has gone to pot, now hasn't it? Look at the House; not a bargain doing."

Certainly the Stock Exchange scene was a very quiet one. "Seems a different place," said Our Stroller, "from what I found it the last time I came in."

"You ought not to be in here at all, as you perfectly well know. The cross-word merchants have got the place to themselves, and—— No," he answered an enquirer, "I do not know a gamble in seven letters, beginning with M and ending with E. Oh, yes, I do. Marriage, of course."

The specialist said that was splendid, only Marriage had eight letters.

"I can't help that. Marriage is a gamble. Try Marievale."

"Worse still: nine letters."

"It can't be Coronations, then."

"Know anything about the shares?"

"Nothing. All I am told is that they are going better."

"Sort of vague tip that we get too many of, these days."

"They have been known to come off, though."

"Sometimes. I'm afraid to tell my clients to keep clear of these gambles, and I am equally terrified of letting them go for the shares. Take a thing like Lydenburg Platinum Areas: the very name is enough to scare a man, and yet I honestly believe we shall see them up a shilling or more."

"You don't know what to do for the best; that's true," another broker agreed. "And with markets as quiet as they are to-day, anything might happen."

"I've heard you say the same about your markets when they were on the move," Our Stroller told his broker.

"They're quiet enough just now, anyway," was the retort. "As I said before, glance round the House for yourself."

The waiters were literally waiting—for someone to call. Jobbers stood, also waiting, in their various markets, talking amongst themselves for want of employment even more profitable than this: brokers showed no signs of heat as they strolled, instead of hastened, from one market to another. The floor no longer vibrated to the hurry and scurry of six thousand feet; the roar of Stock Exchange traffic had died down to a tranquillity strangely inappropriate to the hub of the financial universe.

The Stock Exchange was unquestionably quiet.

Three brokers stood watching an electric-light indicator. "Nothing to-day," said one of them; "but yesterday I had the best lot of orders that has come my way for months."

"Corpses?"

"No; just ordinary business. Funny, isn't it? Nothing doing, apparently, and yet you get a really good day every now and then. Do you find any trade?"

One of the other brokers opened his dealing-book and ran his finger down the page. "Not too bad, you know; several decent lines amongst them. There's more going on than appears on the surface."

The third broker said: "Here's another twelve pounds ten," nodded at the indicator, and went off to the telephone.

When you ring up a member at the Stock Exchange, the call is taken by Post Office officials in one or other of the telephone-rooms which form part of the House. The operator sends through your name to the Stock Exchange waiter posted at whatever stand the member is called, and the waiter shouts out his name.

If he, or a partner, or one of the staff, is not within hearing, the waiter switches on an electric light that illuminates a small square in which the member's number appears. That number remains "up" until the call is taken by your friend in the House.

Not every firm has a light in the indicators; whether the firm has one or not depends upon a variety of circumstances.

"Sounds ridiculous, doesn't it, that you can't get even 5 per cent. on Ordinary shares? Twelve or fifteen years ago you could buy the very best gilt-edged stocks to give you 6 per cent."

"Twelve or fifteen years make a big difference, my boy. Think. We get no new foreign loans nowadays: not allowed, of course."

"Who wants to buy foreign loans, anyway? Now, what would you say is the real, root reason for the financial unhappiness of the world?"

"Reparations, of course. Everybody knows that. After the war, a set of international idiots fixed a colossal indemnity that Germany was to pay. 'Reparations,' they called it. The amount was fantastic, and the endeavour to collect it has worried Europe and America ever since. That's the root of the trouble, my son."

"One of whose branches is a shooting-up of prices in all British industrial shares. Seems ironical to me."

"'Ironical' is hardly the right word, is it? I should call it freakish, for choice. But there are special reasons, aren't there, why particular groups are good? Courtaulds and Celanese, for instance, are helped by the reduction in the excise duties."

"That has happened only just lately. And the rise in the Industrial Market has been a pretty long one. Your old Distillers have a five-pound look about them."

"They will go there, I have no doubt, just as Imperial Tobacco went well above six pounds."

"I've done well out of Imps. Directly the coupon and gift schemes came to an end, I said to myself, 'Imps are the stuff for breeches,' said I, and I helped myself."

"Shares can look too dear, and still be the cheapest. I made a great mistake in selling my Dunlops. Even now I believe it would pay me to take them back."

"On the other hand, you get a tip from knowledgable sources to buy things such as Cellulose Acetate, and it turns out wrong."

"You must keep them and look on. They'll come right again."

"Yes, but in the meantime I have tied up money that might be more profitably used for other things. I'm drawn to Celanese Second Preference, for example. They should be worth more than the present price, but——"

"Why not carry them over?" asked a broker.

Our Stroller drew a little closer, eager to hear the reply.

"Because they may take time to rise; and, if I am carrying over shares, I'm always tempted to get sick of them before the rise arrives. So I sell, and probably at a loss."

"But if you had paid for them, wouldn't you get sick of them just as soon?"

"No," answered another man—not the first one who had spoken. "If you take up anything, you are more likely to hold on indefinitely."

"That cuts both ways. You lose sight of shares that you've paid for, and you hardly notice if the price goes from bad to worse."

"Yours is a most perplexing business," Our Stroller declared. "Perplexing to the point of being exasperating. Do you infer that it would pay me to sell the rubber shares I've taken up from time to time?"

"Not a bit of it. There may not be a boom in rubber——"

"Hope not. Mad Mondays don't do us any good in here."

"But rubber ought to go better steadily——" The jobber made a gesture of impatience.

"It's no use trying to force the pace. Rubber shares, newspapers, good gold-mines, Sudan Plantations——"

"Bit of a mixed grill, eh? You've left out shipping shares."

"There again you must wait for a profit. It will come, but you have to make up your mind for a wait."

"Show me something," said Our Stroller, with a comprehensive wave of his hand, "that is certain to have a rise within a month."

The broker turned round and beckoned his client to the top of the steps leading to the Strong Room.

Our Stroller followed, and found himself face to face with the thermometer.

—*Friday, July 6, 1934.*

The sixteenth Annual Dinner of the Institution of Petroleum Technologists last week was attended by Fred May, who caricatured some WELL-KNOWN FIGURES IN THE PETROLEUM WORLD. 1. Mr. A. Beeby Thompson, O.B.E., is an outstanding figure, who proves that oil and water combine. 2. Mr. G. C. Whigham is a director of Burmah Oil. 3. Mr. A. Lloyd Eastlake is associated with Sinclair Petroleum. 4. Mr. George Sell is the Librarian of the Institution; and 5. Mr. S. J. Astbury is the Secretary. 6. Mr. T. Dewhurst is President of the Institution and chief geologist of Burmah Oil. 7. Mr. Ashley Carter is a Vice-President, and connected with Oil Wells Supply. 8. Colonel L. Pineau is Directeur de l'Office National des Combustibles Liquides, France. 9. Mr. F. C. Starling is head of the Petroleum Department to the Board of Trade. 10. Mr. Arthur W. Eastlake is the G.O.M. of the petroleum industry.

SCAIONI

A naïve and charming frame for the face is provided by Suzanne Talbot's bonnet of very fine black crinoline, with ciré ribbons encircling the crown and tied in a bow beneath the chin. Here is an influence which, modified in size, is likely to make itself felt in the early autumn. This model comes from Harrods, of Knightsbridge.

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

CORRECTLY CASUAL CLOTHES

Photographed in the lovely grounds of the Aldenham House Club, Elstree, which has its private aerodrome, and where one can play polo, ride, play lawn tennis or bathe—to say nothing of eating and dancing in the lovely old mansion—this gay blue-and-yellow plaid gingham frock is laced down the front, and has a distinctive blue petersham belt laced at either side. It comes from Richard Sands, of 187a, Sloane Street, and has that deceptively simple look that is the hall-mark of good playtime clothes.

JOHN EVERARD

AT A COUNTRY CLUB.

In a novel uncrushable silk, with a woven broché design and a multitude of small white spots, the jumper worn by the girl on the left has loose sleeves and a pleat between the shoulders to give freedom of movement. The matching skirt also has an inverted pleat. Her companion sports a cream flannel suit which has a neatly-waisted jacket with rounded revers and four patch-pockets. The skirt has a shaped yoke and panel at the back and front. Both come from Fortnum and Mason, of 181, Piccadilly, W.

MOTOR DICTA

By H. E. SYMONS.

COMPLETELY to reorganise a factory of the vast size of the Morris works without stopping production, and at the busiest time of the year, is an achievement which well merits the term "miracle." The greater the organisation, the more difficult it is for any cog in the mechanism to be changed, for any department to get out of the rut in which, by the nature of things, it has remained for several years. We have heard of great factories across the Atlantic closing down completely while the makers "tooled up" for the new model. Yet the great Morris Works at Cowley, and four other specialised factories which feed it, have been completely remodelled this year, during the period of peak production.

Lord Nuffield went away for a sea cruise, in order to enjoy a much-needed rest. "When I come back," he said, "I expect the Works to be reorganised in accordance with my new plan of Specialised Production. I shall be back in two months."

The FORD 8-H.P. SALOON DE LUXE in our photograph is posed on the main road from Banbury to Aylesbury. It is an attractive proposition at £145.

The little-used pass between Lake Vrynwy and the Bala Road, in North Wales, is marked "Impractical for motors," and the going is certainly rough; but THE VAUXHALL "LIGHT SIX" finds no difficulty in negotiating it.

"When I said that," Lord Nuffield told me confidentially, the other day, "I did not expect to find the job completed. It seemed too vast an undertaking. But Mr. Lord got busy, and before the end of the two months the reorganisation had been completed and the various factories were in full swing on the new system."

Lord Nuffield has a genius for picking out bright young men. Mr. Lord, who has carried out this miracle, as I have termed it, is only thirty-six, but in the space of a couple of minutes each morning, he grasps the whole of Lord Nuffield's ideas and will decide instantly whether a proposed expenditure of two million pounds or so is justifiable for a given purpose.

I went for a walk round the Morris Radiator Factory, the largest and most modern organisation of its kind in the world, and the main assembly works at Cowley. Here you can see quantity production at its best. Morris cars have never, as a matter of fact, been produced by crude mass-production methods, and many of the devices adopted, especially in the United States of America, to obtain cheap production have never been adopted at Cowley, because Lord Nuffield cannot reconcile them with his engineering conscience. Rather has he, by careful organisation, derived all the advantages from quantity production, while the car has remained a real engineering job, and one, moreover, with an individuality of its own.

It was in 1912 that Lord Nuffield laid the foundation of the British motor trade as it is to-day. He was the first with controlled quantity production, first with a car that people of modest means could afford, and first with nation-wide service facilities. Now he is first with the new system of car-manufacture which is termed "Specialisation." This idea, conceived by Lord Nuffield two years ago, is that, instead of cheapening production and obtaining a greater output per man, the quality of the production is improved by separating the manufacture of the various component parts into those districts where the best materials and the best labour are obtainable for each. It is a sort of decentralisation, to use a rather long word, and once the principle is understood, there can be no doubt that it is easily the most practical solution of the problem of maintaining high standards of quality while dealing with an immense output.

All told, there are five of these specialised factories. The engine factory is at Coventry, in the heart of the engine-manufacturing district of England, and is easily the largest organisation of its kind devoted entirely to the production of engines. It has its own design office, planning office, laboratory, and experimental departments, and already half-a-million engines, developing a total brake-horse-power of 17,000,000, have been turned out. Then, also in Coventry, is the foundry, considered to be the most advanced plant of its kind in existence, with its sand-conveyors, moulding chutes, mechanical pouring conveyors, and mechanical shake-outs. What is more, by the special Morris "all-core" method, castings can be made of iron with specially long-wearing qualities.

The third factory, at Cowley, is the body works. This has its own staff and executives. In the last six months every bit of the equipment in this works has been scrapped ruthlessly and replaced by the most modern plant—and all-British, as well—which body specialists could devise. The last two factories are at Oxford: the radiator works, the largest in Europe; and the immense assembly factory, in which there are over ten miles of mechanical conveyors. In this works is an enamel plant containing 40,000 gallons of enamel, while the drying kilns have a capacity of a quarter of a million cubic feet. The enamelling plant works night and day, the conveyor slowly taking the parts through the various tanks, in which they are washed and treated with special grease-and-rust-removing solutions before they are dipped, with a thorough stove-drying between each successive layer of enamel.

A MORRIS "ISIS" SALOON is here seen about to cross a picturesque and very narrow bridge off the Dorchester (Oxon)—Henley road. It may be observed that a fog light and two windscreen-wipers are fitted as standard on this model, which is an excellent example of the big British family car in the 18-h.p. class.

It is, I think, obvious from the foregoing that all the components used in Morris cars are the products of specialists. Indeed, Morris cars are only inexpensive because of the almost unbelievable care that has been taken in planning the works so as to cut down waste to the minimum, and to see that every part of every car is so perfectly made that it can be instantly fitted into place without any sort of adaptation. When, as at the Coventry, Oxford, and Cowley works of Morris Motors, Ltd., quantity production is allied with the care shown by specialist craftsmen, it is obvious that in a Morris production you have as good a motor-car as can be turned out anywhere in the world, at the most reasonable possible price.

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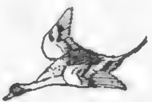

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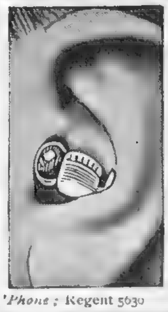

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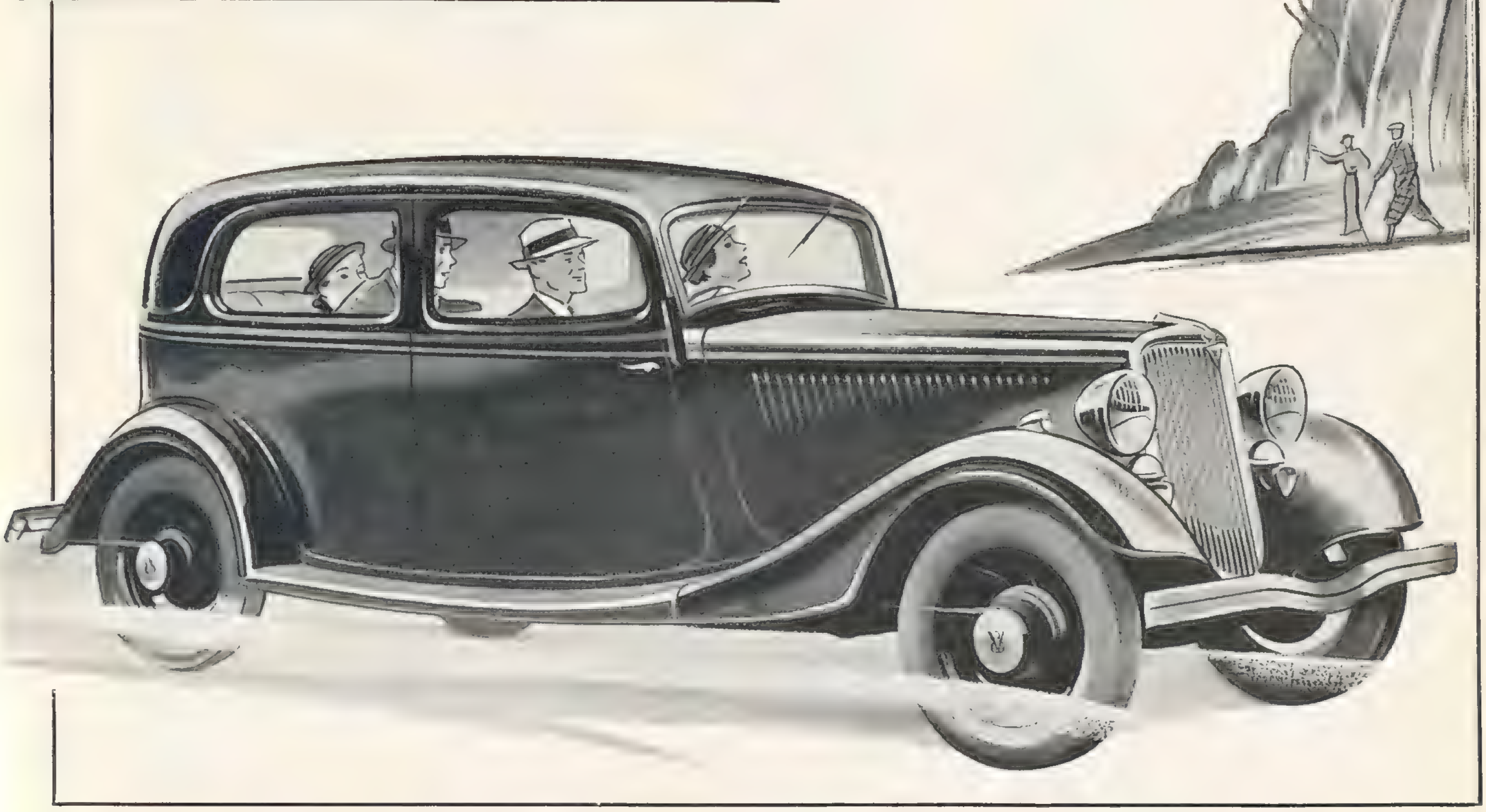

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The Sketch CROSS-WORD COUPON.

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(See Page 80.) 11/7/34.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DLXII.

THE NEW INFORMATIVE DOUBLE (2).

PHAL SIMS gives the following example of how the "one-suit" negative double works when the enemy puts in an interfering bid—

SPADES—8, x.
HEARTS—4, 2.
CLUBS—Kn, 9, 8, x.
DIAMONDS—Q, 10, 9, 8, x.
B
Y—————————Z
A
SPADES—K, x, x.
HEARTS—K, Q, Kn, x, x, x, x.
CLUBS—Q, x.
DIAMONDS—x.

The bidding was: Z, one spade; A, double; Y, two no-trumps; B, pass. Z, three no-trumps; A, double. B led a heart, and YZ were 900 down. The heart lead, as pointed out in the *Saturday Evening Post*, was obvious. It is the last lead the average English player would make; but, none the less, it *is* the obvious lead. What else could A have doubled on except a suit of hearts and an entry? But, in my opinion, this example is not a good advertisement for the informative or negative double. It is an example of astonishing luck and possibly bad calling on Z's part. Why should B hold this exact distribution which indicates a heart opening? And why should B have been able to stop a run in both clubs and diamonds? He might as well have held—

SPADES—8, x.
HEARTS—10, 4, 3, 2.
CLUBS—4, 2.
DIAMONDS—Q, 10, 9, 8, x,

when the obvious lead becomes a club, and YZ sail home. Again, Z (and, indeed, Y too) could have told from their own distribution that the doubles must have been made on hearts—they each held but two hearts, Y the ace. Hence it strikes me that either one or the other should have dodged the doubled no-trump contract by slipping into four spades, which, by the lie of the cards (and we are just as much entitled to judge the result by the fit in spades as by the misfit in no-trumps), at most would have been but one short—nor could the spade contract have been doubled. Here, in fact, the double defeats its own end. An immediate show of hearts by A would have cleared YZ out of the no-trump department altogether, and they might or might not have bid up to game in spades; while, except for the lucky distribution, YZ would have made their doubled no-trump contract on their heads.

Sims quotes another instance of this strategic negative double. ". . . any time you have a safe suit in your hand, so that you are willing to bid this suit, no matter what your partner has bid." Thus, with such a hand as Spade, x; Hearts, x: x; Clubs, A, K, Q, x, x, x; Diamonds, K, x, x, x, double one spade bid against you; then, if partner bids two hearts, bid three clubs. No doubt a sound enough affair, but it strikes me, the unbeliever, in two ways: (1) that it is rather waste of time; (2) that it gets the early bidding on to an unnecessary high level. In the article I quote from, there is one paragraph that pleases. "The negative double really takes care of most hands that come up where you would like to overcall, *except in cases where you can overcall at the level of one.*" Note this exception! Here, at any rate, the author is in agreement with me. When you can overcall the adverse opening with a bid of one-in-a-suit, do so; if you can bid one spade over one heart, but make an informative double instead, that double is bad business. Good! Sims and I are all square on that—we may, in course of time, be all square on other informative doubles as well. In the meantime, I regret I am unable to see any virtue in any informative double—on the contrary, in fact! Here is a double-dummy problem—

	B	
	SPADES—Kn, 10, 9, 8, 7. HEARTS—Kn, 9, 8, 7, 6. CLUBS—10, 4. DIAMONDS—Kn.	
SPADES—K, Q, 6, 5, 4. HEARTS—K, Q, 5, 4, 2. CLUBS—5. DIAMONDS—7, 6.	Y Z	SPADES—3. HEARTS—10, 3. CLUBS—K, Kn, 9, 8, 7, 6. DIAMONDS—Q, 10, 9, 8.
	A	
	SPADES—A, 2. HEARTS—A. CLUBS—A, Q, 3, 2. DIAMONDS—A, K, 5, 4, 3, 2.	

At no-trumps, Y leads the four of spades. AB to make nine tricks against any defence.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, JULY 4.

ACROSS.—1. Coroner. 6. Sports. 10. Engaged. 11. Weaver. 12. Cicatrice. 13. Noughts. 14. Sated. 15. Sweat. 17. Episodes. 19. Seedless. 22. Honey. 23. Habit. 27. Leonine. 29. Melodrama. 30. Bookie. 31. Ignites. 32. Eleven. 33. Tendril.

DOWN.—1. Cleans. 2. Ragout. 3. Orangeade. 4. Erect. 5. Radishes. 6. Sowar. 7. Poetess. 8. Reviled. 9. Streets. 16. Womankind. 18. Psalmist. 19. Shamble. 20. Enclose. 21. Lyddite. 24. Bitter. 25. Teasel. 26. Green. 28. Eagle.

MRS. K. M. ATKINSON, Harewood House, Northallerton, was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle in our issue of June 27 to be first opened on Monday morning, July 2. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to her.

THOSE WHO study and appreciate good clothes automatically develop a sense of precision. So much of formality has been lost of recent years that we no longer dress appropriately for each occasion: there are only three main divisions—day, sports and dress clothes. No longer are we horrified at the sight of a man walking down Bond Street or appearing at a cocktail party in a tweed jacket and grey flannel trousers. Only in the evening are our susceptibilities alive: a tail suit surmounted by a bowler might cause comment.

During the recent dark years of the depression, our finer senses of sartorial precision have been jarred by continual requests to show materials which are not too dressy, so that they can be worn in the country, yet not too tweedy, so that they will not be conspicuously out of place if worn in London. Knowing the necessity for economy on the part of some of our customers, we steeled our sensibilities and supplied them with dual-purpose materials. The depression reduced Sartor's stock to a low level.

Although there are a few materials—Cheviots and Saxonies, particularly in Glenurquhart check designs—which are permissible for both purposes, the town lounge suit is cut on entirely different lines from that intended for country or week-end wear.

Flaps on the pockets, single-breasted lapels, slits at the back, an easy, undefined waistline—that is the country suit. Double-breasted lapels, no flaps, no slits, a closer waist and hip line are essentials for the town suit.

We have a magnificent selection of country tweeds: Kenmares, Connemaras, Shetlands, Highland tweeds, double-twist Angolas, Cheviots, every type of homespun. But these are for shooting suits, riding jackets, golf and country suits—only.

For town suits, we have an even more extensive range of original and colourful Worsteds, Cashmeres and Saxonies: many of them made to our own design and confined to us alone.

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"Nulli Secundus" might well be the motto of "Black & White," the Whisky of Royal Appointment.

"BLACK & WHITE"

SCOTCH WHISKY

The Coldstream Guards

FROM A DRAWING BY CHRISTOPHER CLARK, R.I.

Also in HALF BOTTLES *and* FLASKS

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(*Continued from Page 80.*)

of rural peace. Whether the youthful hero would have enjoyed the confidence, and confidences, of his elders quite so much in that age when children were seen but not heard, I rather doubt. But the "far-away-and-long-ago" atmosphere of the story, which is one of its chief charms, could not have been achieved by the reminiscences of a more mature narrator. Mr. Mackenzie has an undying sympathy with youth; indeed, he regards grown-up persons through the eyes of an *enfant terrible.*

"Whispering Tongues." "Whispering Tongues" is another story of rural life, but here the villagers are not content with gossiping and maligning each other. One of them has a very pretty talent for murder; and as the story proceeds this person becomes ever more of a danger to the peace-loving folk of Brackenbury. Presently it becomes plain that the victims, past and prospective, belong to one family, and that family (in the prejudiced eyes of Miss Forster, its head) the most distinguished in the village. In spite of his title, the Earl of Wexe, who had married an actress, socially played second fiddle to the lady of the Manor. Some of the murderees we do not greatly regret. Millicent Forster-Daintree was a tiresome woman, and Dolly (though she belonged to the same illustrious family) a lunatic. But when the doctor's daughter Sarah, a very nice girl, engaged to Lord Wexe's heir, Ludlow, an equally nice man, is singled out for the destruction that waits upon the Forsters, we become seriously alarmed. . . .

Mr. Laurence Kirk tells his novel detective-story (in form it is unlike any I remember) exceedingly well. Some of the characters (Forster-Daintree, for example) are very life-like; all bear more resemblance to real people than regulation detective-story puppets. Some will complain that Mr. Kirk has neglected the crime-interest for the love-interest; and I for one deplore his unsympathetic attitude towards cats. I should be sorry to see any animal die in agony, but if it had to be, why not the noisy, over-exuberant Sealyham, Sammy, instead of Miss Forster's discreet and dignified black cat? Apart from this lapse in taste, "Whispering Tongues" is a very readable and entertaining book.

"Going Abroad." "Going Abroad" is all that and much more. Miss Rose Macaulay dedicates it to friends who "desired a novel of unredeemed levity." They ought to be satisfied, for "Going Abroad" is funny from beginning to end. The scene is laid in Spain, in the Basque country; the characters, except for M. and Mme. Josef, beauty specialists, are English: the Bishop of Xanadu; his wife, whose hobby it was to reconstruct the Garden of Eden; Colonel Buckley and his elegant, ironical wife; their children, Giles and Hero, very modern young people; the acid and indignant Mrs. Dixon; and a group of youthful Buchmanites, touring Spain, partly for the sake of health and happiness, partly with a view to making converts. Hero, a victim to unrequited love, is the first to be "Changed." There also cross the scene, and occupy it too long for the comfort of our party, a small body of Basque kidnappers. By holding the Josefs up to ransom, they provide the story with its one important incident.

One incident, perhaps, is not enough to make a book. But it would be a pity if Miss Macaulay's characters did more and talked less, for even the silliest of them (as a matter of fact, few are downright silly) talks remarkably well. Miss Macaulay's humour has two principal sources: the Buchmanites and the Basque language. It was indeed a triumph to raise a laugh out of the latter. Merely to see those uncouth and intractable words on the page gives one a feeling of despair. Marshalled by Miss Macaulay, they seem not only newer but much funnier jokes than bananas or Wigan or mothers-in-law. The members of the Group Movement, naturally, fall easier prey to the Comic Muse. Miss Macaulay is as merciful to them as her innate detachment and her ironical temperament allow her to be. To be sure, she makes fun of them, but . . . by their fruits ye shall know them. It is they who save the situation for the prisoners on the mountain-top; it is they who bring balm to Hero's bruised heart. Miss Macaulay's humour occasionally degenerates into facetiousness, as when she writes of "the late Sir Thomas Browne." But, on the whole, it has seldom burnt with such a bright and crackling flame as it does in "Going Abroad."

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Corporal Tune. By L. A. G. Strong. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)
The Darkening Green. By Compton Mackenzie. (*Cassell; 7s. 6d.*)
Whispering Tongues. By Laurence Kirk. (*Heinemann; 7s. 6d.*)
Going Abroad. By Rose Macaulay. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)

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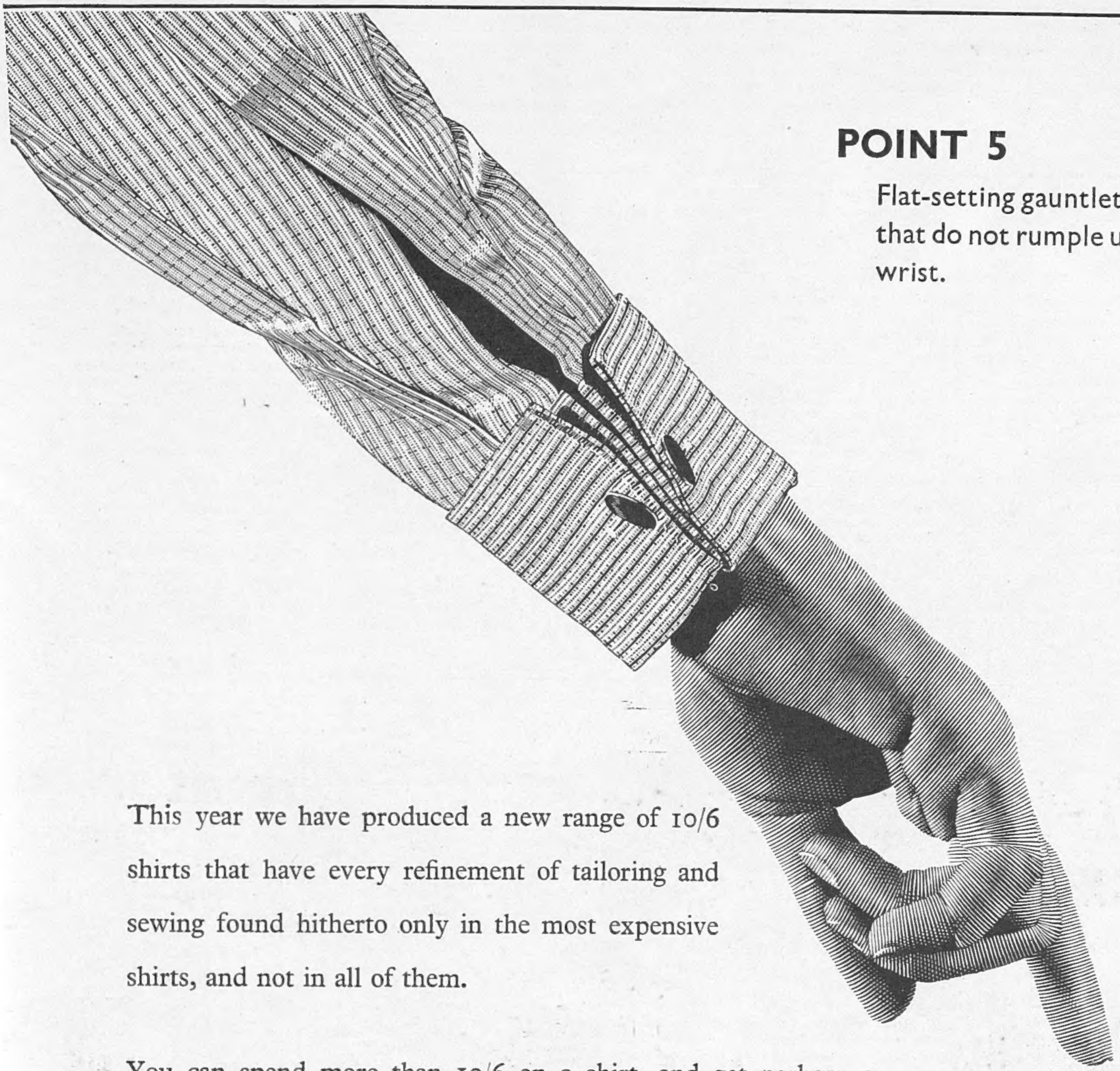

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GENERAL NOTES.

THE woman who appreciates really lovely fabrics looks forward with the utmost eagerness to Liberty's summer sale, which this year starts on July 16 and continues until the 29th. Patterns will be sent post free of dress lengths of printed linens, four yards for 8s. 11d. ; of dress lengths of printed cottons in many designs and colours, from 3s. 11d. each , of printed Sungleam, five yards for 15s. 6d. ; and of fine uncrushing all-wool dress lengths of five yards, from 10s. to 22s. 6d. each. Then there are dresses in printed Sungleam in the loveliest shades, from 42s., and hand-embroidered and hand-smocked voile frocks from 39s. 6d., to say nothing of evening gowns in Orion satin for 3½ guineas each. Very considerable reductions make even more covetous the beautiful accessories for which Liberty's are famous, while in the furnishing departments there are outstanding bargains in Persian rugs and carpets, exquisite fabrics, and printed silk bedspreads.

"Oberammergau ; Its History and Its Passion Play," by Elizabeth H. C. Corathiel (Burns Oates ; 3s. 6d.), is an indispensable volume for anyone who intends to visit Oberammergau in order to see the Tercentenary performances of the Passion Play. It is also a fascinating book for those who cannot go.

The photograph of Mr. Nigel Colman, M.P. for Brixton, as Charles II. in the Pageant of Parliament, published in our issue of July 4, should have been acknowledged to Dorothy Wilding, whose camera-portrait it is.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"TOUCH WOOD" (Haymarket). 8.15.—Another triumph for C. L. Anthony. Cast, acting, and production first-rate. Marie Ney, Flora Robson, Ian Hunter, Dorothy Hyson.

"THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN" (St. James's). 8.30.—Comedy. Cedric Hardwicke, Edith Evans, Louise Hampton.

"ESCAPE ME NEVER" (Apollo). 8.30. —Variation on the "Constant Nymph" theme, to display Elisabeth Bergner.

"CONVERSATION PIECE" (His Majesty's). 8.30.—Yvonne Printemps and Noel Coward—a sparkling combination in Regency Brighton.

THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE, Regent's Park.—Season of Shakespeare and other plays, and ballet ; delightful surroundings, fine acting and dancing.

"QUEEN OF SCOTS" (New).—Clever portrait of the unhappy Queen by Gwen ffrangçon-Davies. Excellent production, acting, and settings.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"BALLETS RUSSES" (Covent Garden). 8.45.—Diaghilev glories revived by Col. de Basil's troupe. Orchestra admirable.

"COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW" (Piccadilly). 8.30.—Elmer Rice's very exciting new play. Acting on high level.

"LIVING DANGEROUSLY" (Strand).—Exciting melodrama of two doctors. Good acting. Godfrey Tearle, Martin Walker, Carol Goodner.

"HAPPY WEEK-END" (Duke of York's). 8.15.—Lively musical play. Steve Geray and Magda Kun specially excellent.

"VINTAGE WINE" (Daly's). 8.30.—Seymour Hicks in effervescence and deception. Claire Luce as his young wife, and Julia Neilson as his mother.

"WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?" (Palace). 8.30.—Revue. Brilliant mimicry by Florence Desmond and Nelson Keys. Greta Nissen, Gina Malo, and the Diamond Bros. also helping.

"LABURNUM GROVE" (Duchess). 8.30. —Edmund Gwenn excelling himself in J. B. Priestley's ingenious crook-comedy.

"THE COUNTRY WIFE" (Ambassadors). 8.30.—Wicked Restoration wit. George Grossmith, Lesley Wareing, Athene Seyler.

"THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS" (Vaudeville). 8.30.—American comedy of 150 years ago. Amusing, delightful, unusual.

"MEN IN WHITE" (Lyric). 8.30.—Gripping drama with a hospital setting.

"CLIVE OF INDIA" (Savoy). 8.30.—Leslie Banks as the hero.

"VILLAGE WOOING" by Bernard Shaw, and "THE LITTLE MAN," by John Galsworthy (Little). 8.30.—A pair of diverting comediettas excellently acted.

"SIXTEEN" (Criterion).—8.30. Whimsical drama, brilliantly acted by cast including Owen Nares, Muriel Aked, and Antoinette Cellier.

"THE MAITLANDS" (Wyndham's). 8.40.—Ronald Mackenzie's last play. Full of observation and wit, acted by excellent cast. Produced by Komisarjevsky.

"SPORTING LOVE" (Gaiety). 8.30.—Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino in a rollicking show ; good music and dancing.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"PRINCESS CHARMING" (New Gallery). Evelyn Laye in a light-hearted Ruritanian comedy.

"THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD" (Tivoli).—George Arliss at his best in the drama of the Rothschilds' rise to power.

"EVERGREEN" (Marble Arch Pavilion). Jessie Matthews as a *divette* of two generations.

"LIEBES KOMMANDO" (Academy). A merry military comedy.

"SADIE McKEE" (Empire).—For admirers of Joan Crawford.

"THE GUARDSMAN" (Curzon).—Revival of the Lunt-Fontanne comedy.

"THE LOVES OF ARIANE" (Rialto).—For Elisabeth Bergner's fine performance.

"20th CENTURY" (Plaza).—John Barrymore as a temperamental theatrical producer.

"MADAME DU BARRY" (Carlton).—A slice of screen history lavishly staged, starring Dolores del Rio.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"TOGETHER WE TWO" (Curzon).—The lighter side of unemployment, with Annabella and Gustav Froelich.

FILMS ABOVE THE AVERAGE.

"JIMMY THE GENT" (Regal).—James Cagney at top speed.

"MOULIN ROUGE" (Leicester Square Theatre).—A dual rôle for Constance Bennett.

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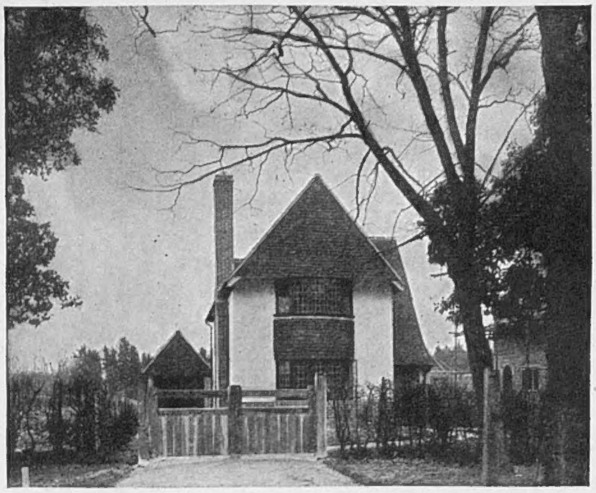
PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2; and Published Weekly at the Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1934. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903. Agents for Australasia, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Branches: Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, N.Z.; Launceston and Hobart, Tasmania.



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